

# The American Girl

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DECEMBER

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

1938



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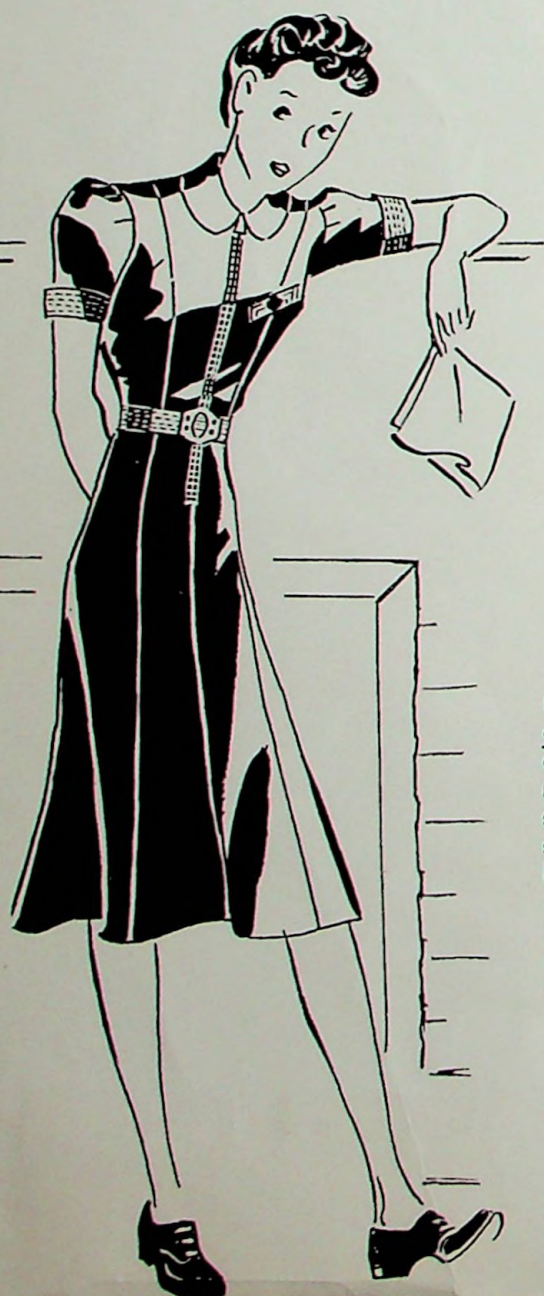




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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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*See page 50 for biographical note about the artist*

*Courtesy of the City Art Museum, St. Louis, Missouri*

## AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES, XI

ADORATION *Painted by* CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

DECEMBER · 1938

*Christmas comes but once a year, and for one day only to most of us. Perhaps, after reading this article, you'd like to live in Sweden*

## WHERE CHRISTMAS LASTS A MONTH

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

**T**WAS twelve days before Christmas—

Thus our Dr. Clement Moore would have had to begin, if he had written a Swedish version of his famous poem. Then he would have needed to add that children were stirring all through the house, and that preparations were being made, not for a visit from Saint Nicholas, but from Santa Lucia.

It is early in the morning of December thirteenth, so early that parents are still asleep. Perhaps they even manage to stay asleep through the excited but subdued chatter in one of the children's rooms. There a daughter of the house is being arrayed in a robe of white and a wreath of leaves, set with candles.

"Is my crown on straight?" she asks, and some one, usually a young brother, tells her sure it is and not to be so fussy.

"Do you suppose the coffee's ready?" she whispers, hoping not to disturb the sleepers.

"It must be," they whisper back. "Come on to the kitchen—Lucia." Although her name may be Kristina, or Inga, all that day she will be called Lucia. While the children are tiptoeing to the kitchen, let me explain this tradition which commences the Swedish Christmas.

Lucia was a beautiful Christian maiden who lived in Rome. When she refused to give up her religion and marry a pagan, she was burned at the stake during the persecutions by the Emperor Diocletian. The story of her martyrdom and sainthood was carried North to Scandinavia by the missionaries. To the brave Viking people, accepting Christianity, Santa Lucia appealed strongly. They imagined her gallant figure crowned by a halo, shining bright with steadfast courage, and the light it shed was particularly precious in a land where



A LUCIA QUEEN WITH HER HEAD-  
DRESS OF LEAVES AND CANDLES

winters are long and dark. Since her saint's day happened to fall on December thirteenth, about the time when daylight begins to increase, she became even more of a favorite with the Northerners. Girls played the part of Santa Lucia, first in the church Christmas pageants, and now in homes.

Thus an ancient custom is being carried out, as the Lucia girl and her attendants hurry to the kitchen. There a tray is laden with coffee, buns, and cakes.

"Now light my candles," Lucia orders. "Give me the tray." The procession forms and starts for the parents' room. "Ready now," she says softly, as they halt outside the door. "Here's the note! Sing!"

Voices rise in the song of Santa Lucia, not the Neapolitan melody you may know, but a lovely old song which heralds the coming of Santa Lucia, gowned in white, the sheen of her beauty and the light she radiates dispelling the darkness of winter. Drowsy parental eyes struggle open, and there in the doorway stands the Lucia girl. What a vision she is in her white robe, her blond hair flowing beneath the wreath of whortleberry leaves, its ring of lighted candles bright as a birthday cake's! Her mother and father are quickly wide awake—because she is such a pretty sight, and because they want to make sure she is careful of those candles. Then before parents have a chance to remark somewhat crossly how very early it is, the Lucia girl offers them her tray. A cup of coffee works wonders in such circumstances, so the Christmas season is happily begun for the whole family.

Yet there will be homes that have no Lucia girl, and they must not be forgotten. Hence a Lucia Queen has been elected by popular vote. It is not a beauty contest, but the



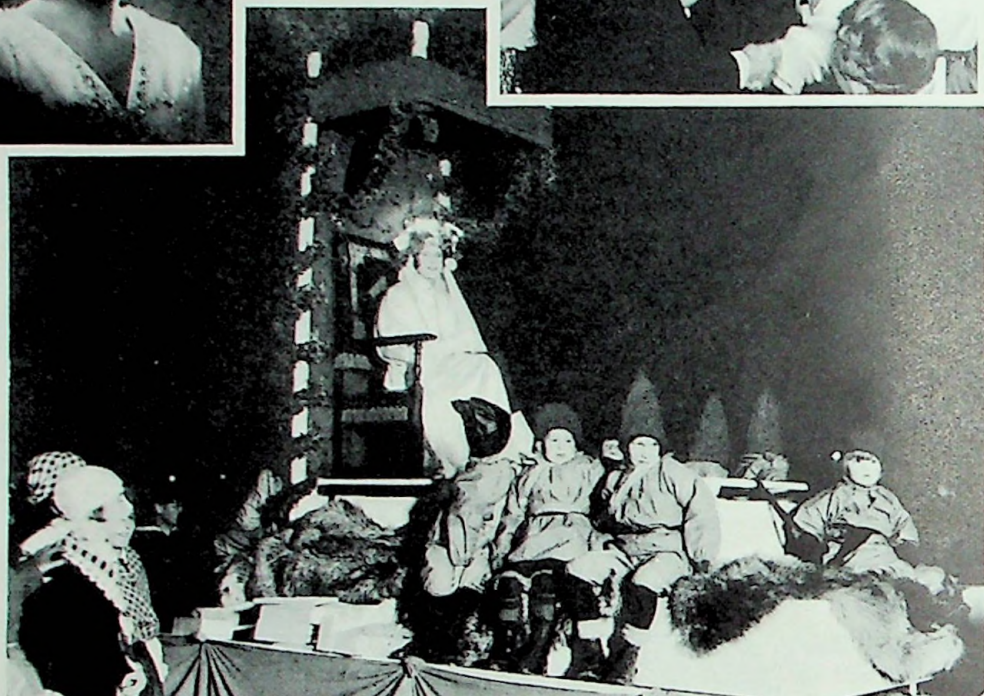
Queen chosen displays the shining countenance, the kindness, and Northern grace she symbolizes. She may be, and often is, a girl who works in an office, or a shop. Escorted by mounted ladies-in-waiting and knights, she is enthroned on a gorgeous float for a procession through the streets of Stockholm. Boys dressed as gnomes sit on the float at the feet of the Lucia Queen. Star-boys, representing the Wise Men of the East, follow, singing medieval carols.

From this charming beginning, the Swedish Christmas continues until January thirteenth—for there are many other traditions beside that of Santa Lucia to be celebrated. And even before it all starts everyone has been busy for days in preparation. First, there must be a thorough house cleaning, which is a fairly frequent occasion, by no means confined to spring and fall, in neat Sweden. Next comes a mighty wash day, for several weeks' linen has been allowed to accumulate. (Swedish brides' hope chests have been crammed full since the olden days of fewer facilities. Then the only place to dry laundry was outdoors where it froze stiff in cold weather, so the linen supply had to be ample.) But the greatest activity of all takes place in the kitchen. The Swedes eat heartily and frequently, and most of them manage to keep from growing fat by sports, exercises, and dancing. Certainly nobody considers dieting at Christmas time, especially when such appetizing smells of cooking are wafted from the kitchen.

That sputtering sound from the stove top, with a rich aroma arising, will be three kinds of sausages, barley, pork, and liver, singing away in harmony, with a second bass being added by a ham basted with brown sugar. Coffee pots bubble an obbligato. Delicious little fish, breaded and fried, come in on the chorus, along with vegetables and puddings. Bread, made of wort-flavored wheat, rises to the occasion. Now the air in this culinary choral begins to be carried by spices—cinnamon, cloves, cardamom, saffron—gifts of the East to the North.



RIGHT: THE STOCKHOLM LUCIA QUEEN OF 1934 SHAKES HANDS WITH THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNER, PIRANDELLO. AT LEFT: ANOTHER QUEEN, ELECTED BY HER TOWNSFOLK

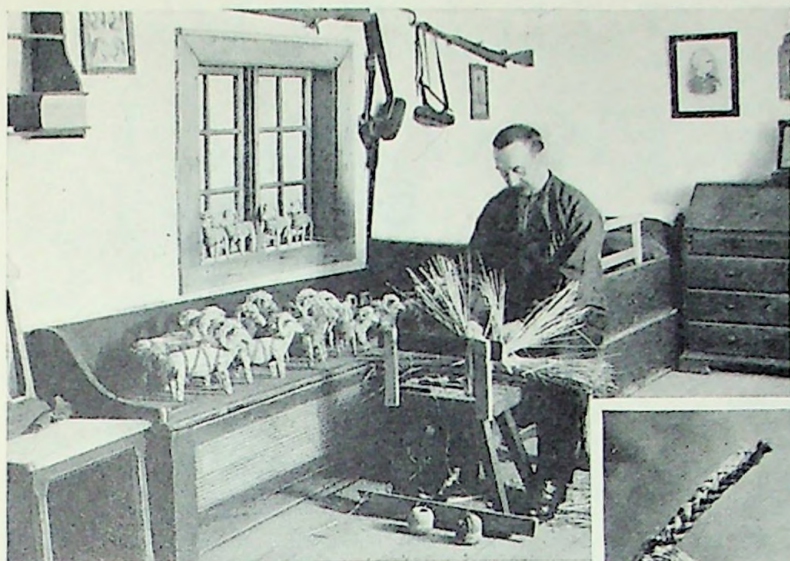


THRONED ON A FLOAT AND ESCORTED BY MOUNTED LADIES-IN-WAITING AND KNIGHTS, THE LUCIA QUEEN IS BORNE THROUGH THE STREETS, WHILE BOYS DRESSED AS GNOMES SIT AT HER FEET



ATTENDANTS TO THE LUCIA QUEEN. THIS FESTIVAL, WHICH IS CELEBRATED ON DECEMBER THIRTEENTH TO SYMBOLIZE THE RETURNING LIGHT AFTER WINTER DARKNESS, DATES FROM THE MIDDLE AGES. THE QUEEN IS SELECTED FOR HER GENTLE COUNTENANCE, KINDNESS, AND NORDIC GRACE





A SWEDISH CRAFTSMAN MAKING THE QUIANT GOATS OF STRAW, A STRANGE PAGAN SURVIVAL, WHICH ARE PART OF THE TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN



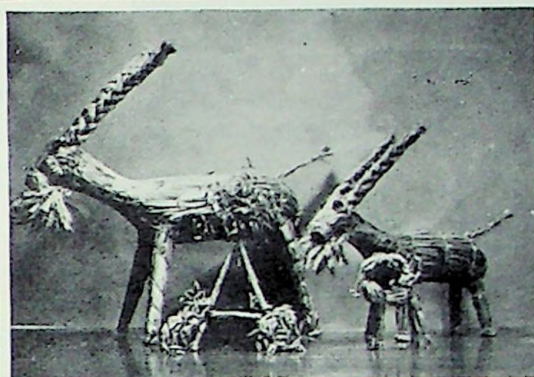
ACCORDING TO OLD SWEDISH CUSTOM, THE FAMILY AT CHRISTMAS EVE GATHERS FOR A SUMPTUOUS MEAL IN THE GARLANDED AND CANDLE-LIT KITCHEN



STARBOYS, REPRESENTING THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST, FOLLOW THE LUCIA QUEEN'S FLOAT THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, SINGING MEDIEVAL CAROLS

Photographs on this page and the two large ones on the opposite page are by courtesy of the Swedish Travel Information Bureau

They come from cookies, gingerbread men with raisin eyes, cakes on which the sun symbol has been molded. Baking away, a rice pudding will fairly simmer with interest for girls and boys in their late 'teens, even those who grew up imagining they didn't like rice pudding. Its fascination is due to the hidden almond it contains. Whoever receives a helping with the almond in it will be married within a year, and he or she must acknowledge the token by reciting a bit of original rhyme. I should think it would be wise to come prepared—just in case—with a verse bringing in a certain somebody's name.



December twenty-second is the day for bringing in Christmas trees. Sweden is rich in forests and takes great care of them, growing new timber to replace that which

is cut. Thus there are plenty of Christmas trees and to spare. Many families arrange to go out and cut their tree themselves, rather than buy it in a market. It is never far to the woods, even for those who live in cities, and the children, accompanied by an elder, soon reach the country and find a fine spruce. Home over the snowy fields they bring their trees and branches. A green carpet of fir boughs is laid in the entrance hall, and before the door which is flanked by small trees. The big tree is set up in the living room. Concealed by a sheet, perhaps, its decoration begins. Meanwhile great secrecy attends the wrapping of presents. This takes an extra amount of time, since each package is not only sealed with sealing wax (making peeking impossible) but tagged with a verse to be read before it is opened. The verses usually are written to suit the present and the person who receives it, which is much better than buying a ready-made jingle. In case you are wondering whether Swedish children grow impatient waiting to get at their gifts, let me hasten to state that the verses as a rule are short.

Swedish children gain twelve hours or so by having their tree and presents on Christmas Eve. All that day families have been welcoming relatives coming from a distance, arriving by train, car, or horse-drawn sleighs. All are present by evening when a procession forms and follows its collective nose to the kitchen, for the dunking of bread in the broth steaming in glistening copper pots. That is the first morsel of a sumptuous repast. As the old Christmas stories always say, the table "groans beneath the weight of good things"—and so do the people around it after they have finished the smörgåsbord and all the rest of it. Elders, after insisting they be granted a little time for coffee (Continued on page 42)



THUDDITY, thuddity, thud!

Susan Masters, president of the Friday Afternoon Dozen, called the club meeting to order, using her fist for a gavel. While the girls were still milling about, their chatter a chorus that ranged from Kathie Barnes's murky contralto to Alice Enright's clear lyric pitch, Sue hadn't noticed that the gathering lacked one member. She began to count noses after they had spread themselves in a half circle on the floor of the Enright's living room, sitting cross-legged like idle tailors.

"Where's Dorinda?" she asked. "Kathie—you might know."

"I haven't the ghost of an idea."

Nor could any one else account for the missing "F. A. D."—a nickname the girls had given themselves when they first banded together. Four years ago the letters had held a double meaning. Each girl had then what she called a fad. As high school seniors, some of them could hardly remember what hobbies, in their young enthusiasm, they had fancied most. They had real careers on their minds now. Kathie, who spiced her language with slang, often remarked that most of the F. A. D.s were "surely on their way to town."

To-day's absentee, Dorinda Wells, wrote plays constructed with a born craftsman's skill. Kathie played Dorinda's heroines with high theatrical effect. Susan Masters had a gift for dress design—the girls thought that her homemade creations might have passed for the models of Schiaparelli, or Molyneux. Under Hortense Carroll's editorship, the *Eastpoint High School Mirror* had taken on real journalistic scope. Barbara Robbins modeled lifelike figures in clay, and, if she chose to pursue a career in sculpture, she could have every advantage, for Mr. Robbins was a wealthy and indulgent parent. Clara Dean, who was bronze-haired, tall, and lithe as a willow wand, had already danced in public with brilliant success, at an affair given for charity last spring in the Town Hall, and Alice Enright had appeared on the same program. Alice, who extravagantly admired the singing of Miss Lily Pons and barely matched that prima donna's featherweight dimensions, had won a long round of applause for her performance of *Lo, Here the Gentle Lark*.

There was other talent in the club, too. One of the F. A. D.s hoped to be a novelist. The Club's most athletic member had a smashing style at tennis. Three of the girls, who had determined to pool their resources and go into business together, shared a friendship as harmonious as the chord *do-mi-sol*.

"Silence!" Sue punished her fist again, thumping the floor. Except for Hortense, everybody was out of order, talking, laughing. Christmas in the air, thought Sue. This was their first December meeting. "Behave yourselves," she reproved them mockingly, "or I'll write Santa Claus a letter and tell on all of you! Hortense, darling, are you in a trance?" "Eh?"

"Do snap out of it!"

Hortense lowered the newspaper that had hidden her face. "Sorry—I wasn't listening." Abstractedly she ran a hand through her hair, tumbling its mass of dark ringlets. Her usually merry eyes had a different look.

"What were you reading?" asked Alice, her neighbor to the left.

"Has there been a new catastrophe in Europe?"

"It's nothing like a war—and it's something much nearer home," Hortense answered.

Her tone caught Sue's interest. "Take the floor and tell us what, then. We can hold up the business meeting a few minutes. Maybe Dorinda will get here."

"I'll read the article."

Hortense didn't rise to her feet. "Taking the floor" was

Illustrated by RUTH KING



merely a parliamentary figure of speech. She had on her lap this morning's *University City Dispatch*, a daily almost as familiar to the F. A. D.s as the local *Gazette*, since only twenty-five miles separated Eastpoint from the larger town. While Hortense gave out some headlines, her listeners waited in shocked suspense.

#### SIX MONTHS OLD INFANT OFFERED FOR ADOPTION BY YOUNG PARENTS. MOTHER ILL, FATHER JOBLESS

ORDINARILY Hortense studied a feature article with a critical eye. She liked to think of herself as a hard-crusted journalist, but, to-day, reading the half column aloud, she forgot to rate it in terms of her profession. The story played upon every heart in the room, like a true bow on well-tuned strings.

No one spoke for half a minute. Then protest and pity broke out in various voices. And Dorinda, unnoticed at first except by Sue, slipped into the room.

"How could they do it?" "I'd never give mine up, even if—" "You wouldn't let it starve, would you?"

"To think of such a cruel thing happening just before Christmas!" Kathie exclaimed dramatically, as Dorinda gently wedged into a place beside her.

Sue recognized the blank expression on Dorinda's face with a nod to her and a long "S-s-sh" to the others. "Pass over the *Dispatch*," she said to Hortense, "and show her the place."



# The MIRACLE at EASTPOINT

*Who can say that what happened at Eastpoint was not really a Christmas miracle?  
Another story about the F. A. D. Club*

By JANET RAMSAY



MONTY, ALREADY DECKED IN HIS KINGLY ROBES, WATCHED WHILE SUSAN AND BARBARA FITTED THE HALO OF GOLD WIRE TO ALICE'S HEAD

Dorinda only needed to run a quick glance down the half dozen paragraphs, for the headlines held their substance. Compared with the news of world affairs captioned on the same page, you might call the tragedy a small one and unimportant. Two young people, just out of the University, had married, with hope as the largest factor in their income. Luck had gone against them from the start. The man had lost his job a year ago and, after the baby came, the mother's health had dwindled, like their savings account. Their lives had shifted definitely to the debit side. Utterly discouraged, they had placed their infant son in the University City orphanage, to await adoption by foster parents who could do better by him. The photograph, snapped by a newsman's camera, contributed a further touch of pathos. Dorinda saw an adorable little face with eyes that looked startlingly large because the cheeks weren't chubby enough.

"What do you think?" several of the girls challenged her as she handed the paper back to Hortense.

They all had respect for her calm judgment. Besides, in matters that concerned a lack of money, she had had plenty of experience. The F. A. D. with the grave hazel eyes and

courageously tilted chin knew what scrimping meant. Dorinda's father was a clergyman.

"I don't feel as critical of the parents as some of you seem to. They're in a desperate way." She gave a deliberate answer. "I think they've tried to be intelligent—not to consider their own emotions at all, but only what's best for the baby. I don't say that they're right, or they're wrong. Though it does seem as if they'd stood up so straight—trying to be rational—that they've leaned over backwards."

"If only *we* could do something!" Clara said what everybody was thinking.

But no one could propose a way to make their eager desire practical, and Sue decided they had better proceed with business in the usual order. Calling the roll, she began with "Barnes" and ended with "Wells."

"Present," said Dorinda. Then, quickly, "When you throw the meeting open, may I talk?"

"O. K." Sue speeded up the formalities. Dorinda must have something important to divulge, claiming this chance to steer a discussion—an unusual request from her. After five minutes more, the president of the F. A. D.s relaxed.



"The meeting is yours," she said to Dorinda. "Take the controls."

"Well?" Kathie made round eyes at her closest neighbor and best friend. "We're dying to hear what's on your mind."

"Church work," Dorinda teased their curiosity.

Hoots went up. "Oh, yeah?" "Talk sense, Dumpling!"

They knew that Dorinda's father didn't wish his profession to impinge upon her freedom. To be sure, she was the only F. A. D. who taught a Sunday School class, but she delighted in her group of ten small boys and girls. Led by Jacqueline Dean, Clara's six-year-old sister, they acted like imps and angels alternately. Jackie, in particular, had a dual nature, fantastically combining waywardness with piety, and Clara understood what Dorinda had to cope with there.

"Have your Sunday School infants got out of hand?" she asked.

"Not at this time of the year!" Dorinda laughed. "With Christmas coming? They're stuffed with goodness, like little puddings."

"Do spill the news," Kathie prodded her again.

"Here goes! Listen, everybody," Dorinda drew a long breath that was soon exhausted in a rush of words. "No fooling—I meant what I said. It really is some church work that's been put upon me. I just heard last night that I've been appointed to write and stage a sort of pageant for the Sunday School Christmas entertainment. This afternoon I began to work out my ideas, and to make a list of people for the different characters. I lost track of the time. That's why I was late. My darlings—" Dorinda paused for rhetorical effect, and her arms swept out as though to embrace the whole brood of eagerly listening F. A. D.s—"I am going to need the help of every single one of you."

"Even if we don't belong to your church—a Baptist like me?" Kathie burst out, in astonishment.

"Absolutely." Dorinda had settled that point with the Reverend Doctor Wells. "Which is my good luck! Now, I can have Sue take charge of the scenery and costumes. But I warn you—" she shook her head at Sue—"our production costs mustn't exceed fifteen dollars, or the Sunday School goes in the red."

"Since I'm a regular parishioner, may I belong to the same committee?" Barbara narrowed the corner of one eye, a sign which Dorinda easily decoded.

**N**O DANGER now that Dorinda's pageant would pull the Sunday School into a hole! Barbara had her father's open heart, and his genius for making pleasant things happen to people in the same surprising way that bouquets blossom from a magician's silk hat.

"Give us an outline of your plans," suggested Hortense.

That made talking easy for Dorinda. In portraying a little story of the Nativity, she had plotted three scenes, each to open as a tableau, with the figures in them gradually breaking into pantomime. This time, she said, she was going to dispense with dialogue. The only voice heard would be a singer's, coming from above the stage.

"You'll be the soprano angel, won't you, Alice? More depends on the music than on anything else." Next, Dorinda appealed to Kathie. "You know what I need you for."

"Assistant director and stage manager. Yours to command," Kathie promised whole-heartedly. "And I can guess, too, the role that Clara will play. She's perfect for it."

Kathie's eyes acclaimed her, and instantly all her friends visioned the dignity and grace with which Clara would wear the Madonna's flowing robes.

The plans gathered momentum. Everyone had a suggestion to make. The scenery which Dorinda described included a structure like a Gothic picture frame, and a substantial manger. Obviously, these were a bit beyond any F. A. D.'s skill at carpentry, and masculine assistance would have to be drafted.

"Who else but Monty? He's never let us down yet."

Alice spoke a loyal word for Montgomery Powell, her best friend among the Senior boys. Like herself, he lacked stature, and Monty's waistband measured just about double the number of inches proportionate to his height—which bothered him not at all. He had a high sense of comedy, and features as mobile as a clown's. Some day, Monty hoped to be a famous surgeon. At present he spent many hours of recreation energetically sawing up wood. And when he put together some article—a footstool, or a box for the fireplace logs—its joints were fitted with ingenious precision.

"Have you picked your Three Kings?" Barbara had  
(Continued on page 43)

MONTY AND ALICE, BUNDLED UP LIKE LAPLANDERS IN FURS AND WOOLENS, WERE READY FOR THE DRIVE TO UNIVERSITY CITY ON THEIR MYSTERIOUS ERRAND





rather rough -  
 Give my love to all and write,  
 not where you have time, but  
 when the voice of duty tell  
 you that this maiden all for-  
 lorn is waiting for a letter from  
 her sire!  
 Good bye Your very loving  
 Daisy M. G.



New York City.  
 January 26<sup>th</sup> '79.  
 My darling Papa:  
 Willie arrived here  
 safely and although Mamma  
 had written me that he would  
 probably arrive, I had so little  
 faith in steam-boats that I  
 was taken by surprise when  
 he came, how I wish you had  
 been with him, but - April  
 I can wait, if you be sure not

About Juliette Low's happy  
 years at a French finishing  
 school in New York, her intro-  
 duction to society, her marriage,  
 early life in England, and  
 presentation at Court



ABOVE: A LET-  
 TER FROM DAISY  
 TO HER "DAR-  
 LING PAPA." AT  
 RIGHT: DAISY  
 WITH A PET DOG

# JULIETTE LOW

## III



AT EIGHTEEN

WHEN Daisy was eighteen, she was sent to Mlle. Charbonnier's school in New York City. Her mother had attended a French school in New York to be "finished," so it was a matter of course that her daughters should follow that example. Nellie had ended her course at "the Mamselles" the year before and was making her debut in Savannah, and Alice was still at Edge Hill, so Daisy was without a sister at school with her for the first time. The new school was French in every way, being modeled on the school the Mlles. Charbonnier had had in France years before. The pupils wore black aprons, just as French girls do, and all the studies were in French. Daisy writes:

"I rise at six, study an hour before breakfast which is at eight. During the morning I have nothing but French studies. At twelve we have lunch. Three times a week I go to my drawing. I wish you could see my teacher. He is a perfect character, a funny little gray-headed man who has a pile of anecdotes he trots out on all occasions. I go from my drawing lessons twice a week to singing. I take from Howard, his new method. Oh, it is frightful! He makes me go through all sorts of contortions to try to squeeze some voice out. I have, of course, some one to go with me and sit in the room while I take my lessons, and I always come home on Fifth Avenue to see the people. On Saturday morning I go with five other girls from here to Dodsworth's dancing school where they are so swell, but I like it and know already lots of people there."

Dodsworth's Dancing Academy was quite an institution at that time. All fashionable New York children were sent there, for it was very select and

## GROWN-UP

By DAISY GORDON LAWRENCE

the classes were carefully arranged according to the age and set to which the pupils belonged.

Mr. Dodsworth was tall and dignified, with a commanding air, while Mrs. Dodsworth was quite tiny. The ballroom was unique. A raised dais encircled it; there the mothers sat, and directly beneath them chairs were placed for the pupils. Dancing class consisted of far more than merely learning to dance. The young people were taught Ballroom Department. A girl must know how to enter a room, how to curtsy, and, most important of all, how to sit in a ballroom. Legs must never be crossed, but both feet should rest in a graceful position on the floor, and one's skirt must be arranged in classical folds, just so. Boys had a lot to learn, too, for masculine etiquette was as strict as feminine. They had to acquire poise, and an easy grace of manner when making a formal bow, or offering an arm to a partner.

The class began with Mr. and Mrs. Dodsworth (in full evening dress, Mrs. Dodsworth invariably with a square-necked dress, elbow sleeves, and a train) standing at one end of the long room to receive the class. Sometimes the pupils entered in pairs, but more often alone.



MABEL, ELEANOR, AND DAISY, THE  
 OCTOBER BEFORE DAISY'S WEDDING





A FAVORITE PORTRAIT OF JULIETTE LOW, PAINTED BY EDWARD HUGHES, AS SHE LOOKED WHEN SHE FIRST LIVED IN ENGLAND

Each pupil had to walk the entire length of the room, make a bow (or curtsy) to Mr. and Mrs. Dodsworth, and then proceed with dignity to his or her seat. Mr. Dodsworth one day commended Daisy's best friend for her curtsy; the unexpected praise so upset her that she became fearfully self-conscious, and, the next time she attempted it, she fell flat on the floor! To our modern ears it all sounds too stiff and formal ever to have been fun, but it must have been, for, later on, Daisy writes:

"My dancing term ends this Saturday, but may I not wait till after Easter and take four more lessons? I am just wild to continue until the end. It ends in May. It is such a pleasure and I am learning the Quast Quadrille, a lovely new dance."

Daisy was enchanted with New York. Theaters, opera, exhibits of all kinds attracted and held her interest, for, although "the Mamselles" were strict, they saw to it that their pupils enjoyed the advantages the metropolis had to offer. Daisy writes:

"Monday night the Mamselles took the whole school to see Gesster in *Traviata* (which, of course, I enjoyed intensely) tho' we did have a box so far off, the people looked like darning needles on the stage!"

Being practically grown-up, Daisy was allowed to visit the innumerable cousins who lived in and around the city, so her life there was exceedingly full and happy. Painting continued to be her greatest joy, and she grew more and more skillful. China painting intrigued her, and some of the loveliest work she ever did was a set of plates done about this time. Soon she began to paint from a living model, and later on did portraits. All her life long her art brought intense pleasure to her.

That summer Daisy spent at the Old Sweet Springs in West Virginia. She traveled down from New York to Baltimore where Mabel (who was at school there) joined

*For permission to reproduce the letter and the photographs, thanks are due the author and the Gordon family*

her and, chaperoned by their mother's maid, they completed the trip together. In writing her mother about the journey, Daisy says:

"I did not write you what a struggle we had with the cinders, the day we spent on the train getting to this place. We did nothing but pick cinders out of each other's eyes; there was no question about first casting the beam out of our own eye in order to see clearly—each demanded clamorously that his brother's eye should wait. Finally Mabel suffered for three hours with one, and I resorted to the desperate remedy Mary Carter saw used by a sailor on a Cunard passenger. I licked it out with my tongue! With great success!"

Mrs. Gordon and the rest of the family joined the girls at the Springs for their holidays. When the summer was virtually over, Daisy wrote the letter which follows, to her grandmother in Savannah. At the top of the page is a charming drawing of a fox\*, and her account of Mrs. Gordon's adventure with the snake is graphically illustrated.

"Darling Grannie,

"Your nice letter reached me this morning and I am going to answer it right off, because if I wait until I reach New York I will be so busy with my school that I might be delayed a whole month. I hope to write you regularly every month next winter, and you must be sure and answer every letter.

"This is our last day at the Old Sweet. I have enjoyed my last week very much although I missed Mary Lamar. The band is gone, and a great many people, but in the evening we all play games and have lots of fun. Last night Mr. Ned Violet and Mr. Hopple dressed up in fancy costumes and danced a burlesque minuet—they danced bow-legged and I almost died laughing.

"Mama and I room together since Papa left. The other day we killed a little black snake in our room. The little serpent tried to get out through the door, but Mama picked him up by the tail, hauled him in to the room, and stabbed him with her penknife! She stamped on him first, but he got round her leg so she had to use the penknife.

"The country men around here are continually bringing maple sugar and fruit to the hotel to sell. Yesterday they

brought a baby fox, by way of variety. I don't think he succeeded in selling it, but I thought it so cunning that I asked him to let me draw its picture, and here it is at the head of this

\*Facsimile of letter is shown on page 10 "Juliette Low's School Days" in the November issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

YOUTH AND TENDERNESS ARE IMPLICIT IN THIS CHARMING FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL MODELED BY MRS. LOW



HER LAST PIECE OF SCULPTURE, A PORTRAIT OF HER GRANDNIECE: MADE BY JULIETTE LOW IN 1926, THREE MONTHS BEFORE HER DEATH





letter, taken from life. Mama has written all the news to you, so, as the dinner bell has rung, I must bid you good-by. We all send you love, and your devoted granddaughter sends you most."

After spending two happy years in New York, Daisy came home to make her formal bow to society. Charming old Savannah has always been a delightful place for young people. Most of the entertainments were simple, for no one had money to spend on elaborate entertainments in those days, but even the simplest parties were fun for it was a jolly crowd. Parents were stricter than modern parents, too, and although the horse and buggy then took the place the automobile has now, a really nice Savannah girl was not allowed to go "buggy riding" alone with a young man. It was perfectly proper, though, for two girls and two boys to go in a four-seated carriage called a "brake," and many were the drives and picnics enjoyed in this way. Boating was popular, regattas were held regularly with Charleston and rivalry between the towns was keen. Everyone watched the races from other boats, and a dance at the Yacht Club concluded the festivities.

The formal entertainments in Savannah were given by the Cotillion Club, to which all the men in society belonged. These parties were held in a public hall, especially hired and decorated for the occasion. The first time a girl attended a Cotillion Club ball she was considered to be making her debut. It was a momentous occasion. The evening finally arrived when Daisy was formally to be presented to Savannah society. Dressed in her white gown (a debutante invariably wore white), with her velvet embroidered slipper bag dangling from one finger, she sat in the drawing-room, waiting for her partner to arrive. Her heart beat fast with excitement and some trepidation as she nervously fingered her grandmother's pearl bracelets which she was wearing. Suppose the boys did not like her? Suppose no one "favored" her in the german? Think of not having a collection of favors to compare with Margaret's and those of the other girls to-morrow! Oh, it would be too awful—she could not face it—but there went the front door bell! It was too late to back out now—she would have to go through with it.

Margaret and the two boys entered, laughing and talking while Daisy put on her wraps. Then the two couples walked off together to the Hall. At the door they went to their respective dressing rooms, the girls to extract the dancing slippers from their pretty bags and replace their walking shoes with them,

all the while laughing and chatting with the hordes of other girls who were doing the same thing. At last they were ready, and the chaperones started forward to the ballroom; it was time to go and be received, so Daisy and Margaret, peeping out first to be sure their beaux awaited them, finally left the shelter of the dressing room to face the ordeal on the dance floor. Taking the arms of their partners, the girls joined

AT RIGHT: A PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH OF JULIETTE LOW AS SHE LOOKED IN 1912, THE YEAR SHE BROUGHT GIRL SCOUTING TO THE UNITED STATES



AN EARLY SAVANNAH TROOP HAS A GOOD TIME IN AN OBSERVATION POST FOR SIGNALERS



THE FIRST AMERICAN GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM WAS COPIED FROM THAT OF THE ENGLISH GIRL GUIDES. IT WAS TWO-PIECE, A MIDDY AND SKIRT MADE OF BLUE DUCK AND WORN WITH A LIGHT BLUE SATEEN TIE AND A DASHING HAT OF NAVY FELT

the group of debutantes, who made their appearance together, and, as the line moved forward, at last their formal bow to the chaperones was made. When everyone had been greeted, the music struck up a waltz and the party officially began. No more qualms for Daisy now!

She was so pretty, charming, and witty that everyone liked her, and when the german was danced she was showered with favors again and again. Supper was announced, and they all went downstairs to feast on terrapin stew and other delicacies. Daisy's eyes must have shone with excitement, for she was a success. What a happy girl at last truded home after *Home, Sweet Home* was played! Her feet did ache a bit, but, when Daisy bade Margaret and the boys good night on the high portico, with her arms full of favors, she felt a different person from the anxious sub-deb who had left there only a few hours before!

It was an auspicious beginning. After that Daisy found herself much in demand with both boys and girls, for it was noticed that when she was at a party it invariably was a success, so she was exceedingly popular. She had many serious beaux, too, among them a handsome young man called Willie Low. His mother had been from Savannah, and his father, an Englishman in the cotton business, owned one of the most beautiful old houses in the city. Although making his home in England, Willie had come over to America to look after Mr. Low's business interests as the old man was in bad health, and, of course, he spent

a large part of his time in Savannah. He soon became one of Daisy's greatest admirers, and, when she went abroad for the first time, she paid a long visit to his family in Warwickshire. His sisters, Mary, Katie, and Jessie, (Continued on page 36)



ONE OF HER GIRL GUIDES, A SCOTCH LASS, WITH HER KNITTING. MODELED BY MRS. LOW

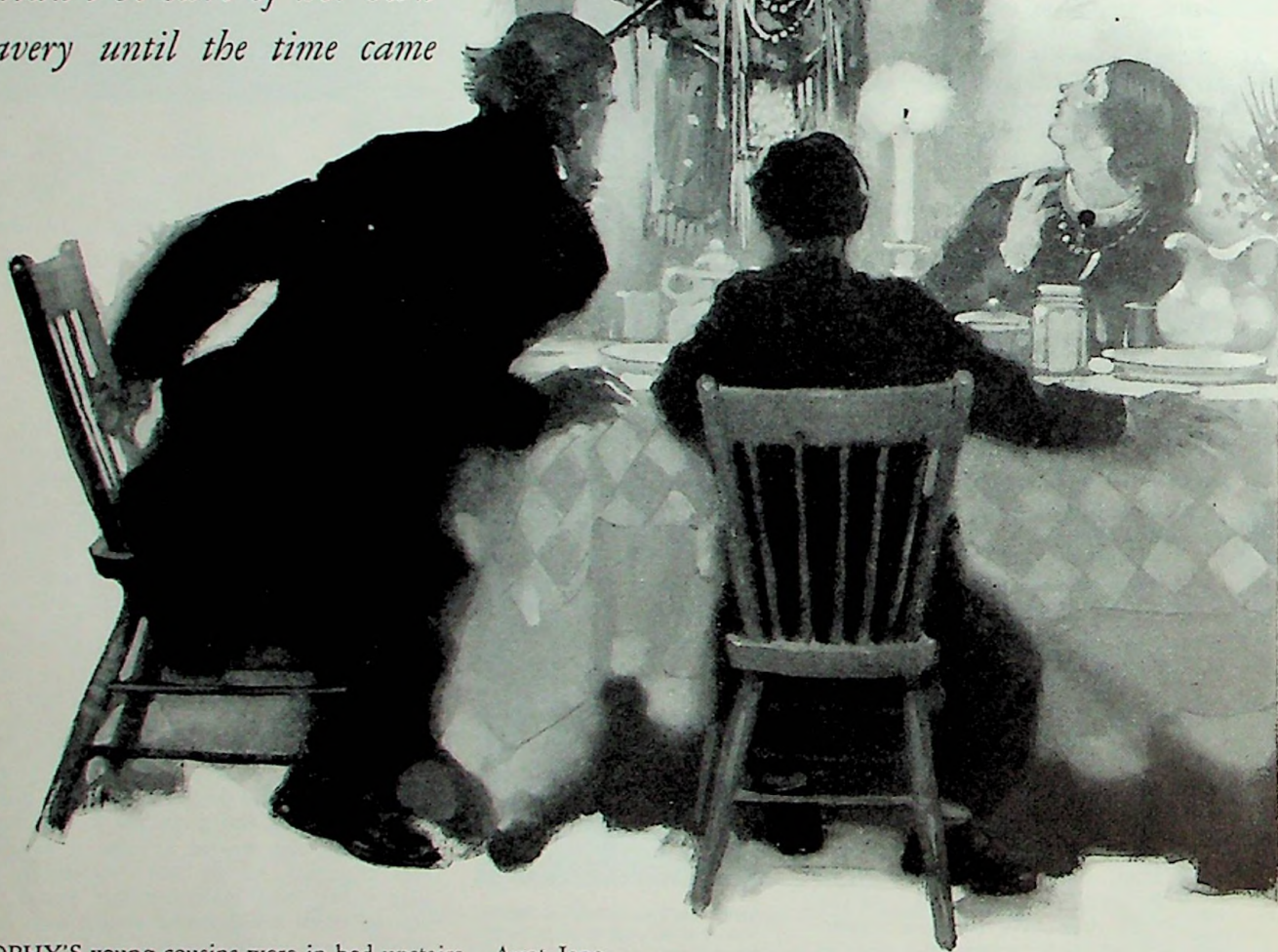


# SOPHY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

By  
HARRIET  
F. BUNN

*Sophy found out her father  
was right when he told her she  
couldn't be sure of her own  
bravery until the time came*

THE DOOR THAT LED  
FROM THE KITCHEN  
TO THE FRONT ROOM  
WAS BLOCKED BY THE  
BIGGEST INDIAN SO-  
PHY HAD EVER SEEN



SOPHY'S young cousins were in bed upstairs. Aunt Jane Adolfsen stirred restlessly in the bedroom off the kitchen, and Sophy knelt by the fireplace, popping corn. The high andirons cast dark shadows across the bare, unpainted floor. Outside, in the close-pressing dark, the snowy prairies flowed away without end.

"They're worse than a winter ocean," thought Sophy. "At least the ocean has shores, but it looks as if the prairies never stopped."

There were wolves on those prairies, and Indians who were almost as hungry as wolves, Aunt Jane had said. "And almost as fierce," Sophy thought. Her face was hot from

bending over the fire, but a shiver ran up her back and she pulled her shawl more closely about her to shut out her fear.

She reminded herself what Father had said when he kissed her good-by. "You're my soldier, Sophy," he had said. "I can't go to war, but my sister's husband is fighting to preserve the Union, so I'm sending you West to help her until the war ends, because I have no son to send."

"I'm no soldier, Father. I'm terribly afraid of those Western Indians," Sophy had faltered.

Father, who still limped from an arrow wound he had



received years ago on a Western prospecting trip, had studied her face earnestly for a moment. Then he said, "The Indians are just brown children, Sophy, as long as white people keep faith with them. There was peace, right here in Plymouth, between the white people and the Indians, that lasted fifty years. If we could get on with them in the sixteen sixties, we ought to be able to get on with them in the eighteen sixties, my dear. And as to being brave, Sophy, that's something you don't know about yet. Nobody knows whether he's brave or not, until the time comes."

When her cousin, Julius, had come back from the post office that morning empty-handed, Sophy was surer than ever that she was not brave.

"I'm awful sorry, Cousin Sophy," said Jule, "but your

*Illustrated*  
by  
**ORSON**  
**LOWELL**



package from Plymouth didn't come. The snow's so bad between here and Saint Paul, there's no telling when the stage can get through."

Sophy's tears were close, but she couldn't cry before ten-year-old Julius and Aunt Jane who worked so hard. If only the package had come, it would have been easier to bear her homesickness! To hearten herself, she remembered that Aunt Jane had invited the Reverend Swenson and his wife to dinner to-morrow instead of feeding the Indians,

as she ordinarily did. She had asked Sophy's opinion first. "We often invite two or three Ojibways in on Christmas," she had said in her sweet, tired voice. "It is a Christian act, and then, too, it is wise to keep on friendly terms with them."

The color had ebbed from Sophy's cheeks. "I couldn't eat a bite with Indians in the house," she had answered.

"You've come a long way to help us, dear, and I won't ask it of you," Aunt Jane had decided. "Julius shall run up to the Ojibway village with a Christmas basket for them. It's been a hard year for the Indians. The drought dried up their berries and most of their wild rice. They have less victuals than we have. I'll fix them a basket to-day."

But that very afternoon, the afternoon before Christmas Eve, Aunt Jane had come in from the barn with a crippling pain in her back.

"You children have asked me what you could do for my Christmas," she said. "The thing that I need most is a few days' rest in bed. That would be the best Christmas present for me—if you think you can manage without me."



Sophy felt far more than her fourteen years as she bustled about getting the children to sleep that night; but later, when she sat by Aunt Jane's bed and Aunt Jane told her what to prepare for Christmas dinner, she felt very small and lost. Back home in Plymouth, there would be turkey and jellies all down the table, and Indian pudding. They would have a Christmas tree, too, gay with candles and strings of tinsel. She tried to push Plymouth into the back of her mind.

"We're lucky to have plenty of pork and beans in the house," Aunt Jane was saying. "And I baked bread yesterday, and there is a small pat of butter in the pantry."

"What shall we have for dessert, Aunt Jane?" Sophy wanted to know.

"Prune pie, my dear, just as we do every Sunday," answered her aunt.

Prune pie for Christmas dinner!

THE popped corn lay in the dark earthenware bowl now, white and flaky as snow. Sophy put the beans and the prunes for to-morrow's dinner to soak. As she bent to blow out the lamp, a knock came on the door.

"I won't answer it," Sophy thought. "It's nine o'clock. It's too late for any friendly person to come to our door." And then she remembered it was Christmas Eve. You couldn't *not* answer the door on Christmas Eve. She peeked out through one of the small window panes above the latch. A lantern scattered the dark, and there, on the back stoop,

stood the Reverend Swenson and his wife, their breath showing whitely against the night. Over the minister's shoulder nodded a sturdy young balsam, and his wife carried a wide, homemade basket. Sophy slipped the wooden bolt.

The minister and his wife came in, with cheeks crimson from walking against the wind. They breathed in deep gasps. Tiny icicles twinkled in the Reverend Swenson's gray beard.

"We've brought you our Christmas tree," said the minister, in a whisper that penetrated the kitchen like the buzz of a vigorous bee. "Julius told us when he brought the milk over that Mrs. Adolfson was not well. We have no children at home now to enjoy a tree, so we have brought ours and the trimmings to you."

Mrs. Swenson pushed back the woolen handkerchief tied over her blond hair. Without taking off her fur coat, she began to unpack the Indian grass basket she had set down on a chair.

Sophy lit candles in the big front room, and worked with the Swensons. She brought the high stool from the kitchen for short, square Mr. Swenson to stand on while he hung a hammered pewter star at the tiptop of the tree. From the Indian grass basket Mrs. Swenson lifted long-haired, silvery plumes of barley, and brown-gold, perfect spears of wheat that caught the light.

"I find them in my field and save them," she said proudly.

Mr. Swenson produced tiny wooden angels he had carved,

holding little cups into which Mrs. Swenson fitted small candles she had made. There was a triple branched candle to represent the Holy Trinity. She hung that under the pewter star. Christmas cards with pressed daisies on them she hung around the lower branches. The balsam had come to a strange new flowering!

Mr. Swenson lighted the tiny green candles from one of the big ones and stood back to get the effect. The fragrance of the tree quickened as the small jets of light warmed it.

"It's beautiful," Sophy cried.

"Yah, it is," agreed Mrs. Swenson, standing back to admire the tree. In her homemade bearskin coat, she looked like a large friendly animal.

The Swensons bundled up, took their lantern, and went out into the night again. Sophy climbed into bed with a lighter heart than she had expected, and, the next thing she knew, morning was pressing against her lids, the long fingers of the eastern sun reached over the snow, and Christmas day was here.

Inside her door stood one wooden shoe. Inside the shoe was a bundle. From below came the hum of the  
(Continued on page 49)



THE REVEREND SWENSON ENTERED CARRYING A PIECE OF BUTTERED BREAD AND A HEAP-ING PLATE OF BAKED BEANS



# FUR, FINS, AND FEATHERS, II

*The second of three articles on the care of pets; this one tells how to train dogs, cats, guinea pigs, and rabbits to be happy, healthy, and wise*

By MARY GRAHN and BEATRICE PIERCE

WOULD you like to go for a walk?" Put this question to your dog as he lies comfortably stretched out on the hearth rug, seemingly fast asleep. Instantly he is on the alert.

"Did I hear aright?" he appears to ask, as he jumps up and looks at you inquiringly. "A walk? How perfectly wonderful a walk would be!" With joyful tail-wagging he watches, all aquiver with anticipation, while you put on your hat and coat. The fact that a walk is an everyday occurrence seems never to dull his pleasure, or to take the edge off his excitement. The sights and sounds and smells, the fresh air, the freedom, and above all, the fact that you are with him, to share his happiness, make a walk with you a thing of endless fascination.

In his tireless energy, his love of play, his unfailing responsiveness, and his complete enjoyment of life, there is something forever young about this pet of yours. It is a wonderful trait in dogs, the zest for living that they possess to the end of their days. Even old dogs, as a rule, keep this capacity for enjoyment.

In a cat, as a rule, you encounter a quite different personality. Not always, but usually, the cat is self-contained and practically self-sufficient. Your cat, if you have one, is no doubt glad to have you come home, but he seldom jumps up to tell you so. Compared with a dog, a cat's expression of emotion is restrained and dignified. Possibly your cat loves you as much as your dog does. But a cat does things in his own way—serenely and quietly. No treading on air simply because

you, his mistress, have come home, no wild joyousness, no frolicksome prancing about. With languid grace he may settle himself in your lap, purring with contentment and repose. But if you leave him he seems to disregard your departure. No wistful eyes follow you, begging you not to go away. The cat lives, apparently, for himself alone. Yet, to an understanding heart, he reveals a sensitivity both marvelous and moving.

Both dogs and cats have lived, almost since the beginning of the time, in the homes of men, and, despite their differences, both continue to be happiest in human surroundings. They are even happy in the same house, particularly when they have grown up together. The idea that cats and dogs dislike each other is false. They have their spats, but they are loyal friends nevertheless. A cat, living in a household with

a dog, will help the dog wash and clean himself when he is muddy and wet. A dog, taught in the ways of gentleness and affection, will stand guard over a litter of kittens, watching patiently until the mother cat's return, ready to protect her babies against anything that might harm them.

Two primary essentials to the good health, and hence the good spirits, of both cat and dog, are simply your love and companionship. You must be with both a great deal, talk to them, let them walk with you, sit with you, play with you; you must defer to their wishes when they are right, and always try to understand them.

Don't make the mistake of thinking they are altogether simple to understand. Both dogs and cats vary widely in their temperaments and dispositions. Some dogs have a great deal of the independence and dignity we think of as cat nature. And there are cats that are as sociable as dogs. As, for example, there are two particularly handsome ones, in a certain house, that invariably walk down the stepping stones to the gate and purr expressively as they accompany callers to the door!

Beyond the essentials of your love and companionship, what else is necessary to the good care of your pets? Let's begin with the dog.

A dog that lives in the house should sleep in the house. And he should have a bed of his own. Don't let

him sleep with you. No matter how often you wash and brush him, he is about as clean as a person with his overcoat and shoes on. And that isn't quite clean enough to be allowed on your nice bedspread and soft blankets.

A dog's bed should always be off the floor. A low platform built up six inches or more, with raised back and sides, makes a good bed, protected from drafts. Be sure to have the platform large enough for the dog to stretch out. A dog mattress with flea-proof filling can be purchased to fit the platform. Or you may cover it with carpet, or a small rug.

Many dogs like to sleep on chairs and sofas. Usually, when a dog is his very wettest and dirtiest, he seeks the cozy comfort of a big upholstered piece. If you provide a bed for your dog, it is easier to enforce discipline and keep him

## Two Fine Cats

By LEONA AMES HILL

Amber and Dandy are two fine cats

With fur of daffodil gold.

Dandy and Amber lie on their mats,

For Amber detests the cold,

And Dandy is lazy and loves to dream

In the hearth fire's ruddy heat.

Amber and Dandy adore rich cream

And shrimps and the rosy meat

Of salmon and savory liver scraps

And bits of golden cheese.

They dream through long, luxurious naps

In sprawled and gaudy ease,

Then get them up and softly walk

Into the knee-deep grasses.

All shod in silent silk they stalk

Among the tunneled passes

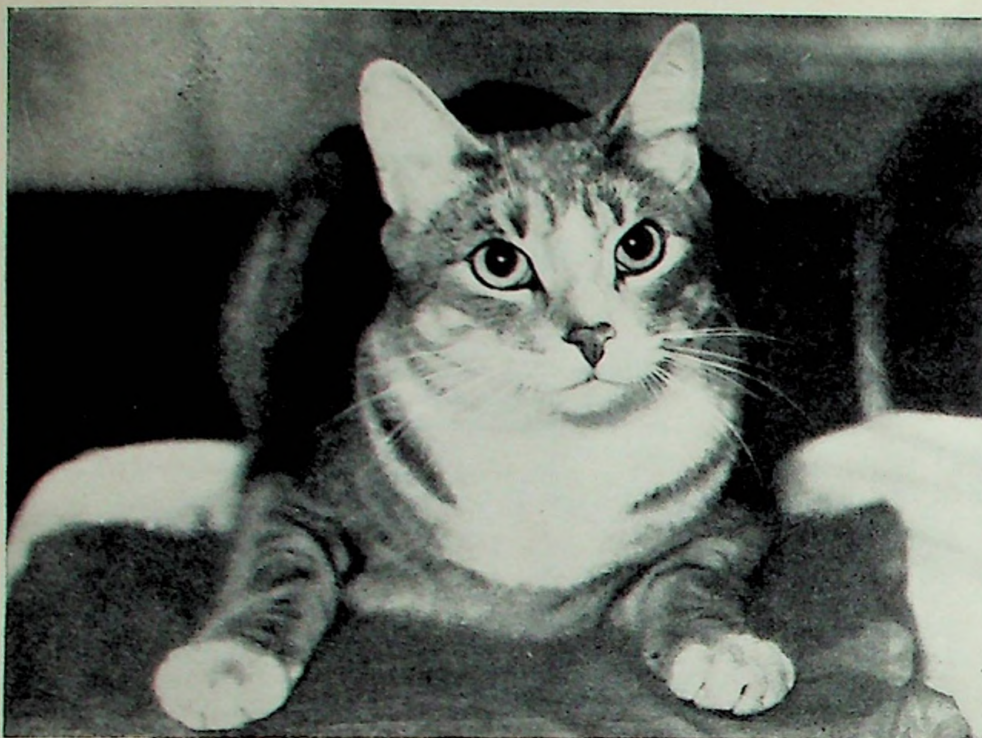
Where velvet-furry field mice run.

Let all fleet mice beware—

Amber and Dandy, yellow as sun,

Are out to take the air!





"ME-OW! I WANT TO GO HOME!" THIS TABBY CAT IS FEELING WELL AGAIN AFTER BEING A PATIENT AT THE SPEYER HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS. BELOW: WHITE RABBITS ARE PLEASANT PETS

off the furniture used by the family. He should have a comfortable place he can call his own, where he can curl up whenever he likes.

The dog who sleeps on an open porch, or in an unheated room, will need additional protection for his bed in extreme weather. A practical plan is to set the dog's bed inside a box that has a top and is open on only one side. If the open side has a hinged door made of wide mesh wire, the box may also be used when housebreaking a puppy.

If your dog is always outdoors, there is no reason why he cannot sleep comfortably in a well-built dog house. In building a dog house, have the floor six inches above the ground. Select a place that is well-drained and with some protection from the wind. The door should face the west, or south, so as to get the maximum sun in the winter. A panel at the back, or a hinged roof, facilitates the necessary cleaning and airing.

In feeding your dog, remember that meat is his natural food. Vegetarianism may be all right for human beings who feel that way about it, but no dog can live long without meat. Indeed meat, or meat substitutes such as fish and eggs, should be at least half of his diet. Vegetables and starchy foods may make up the rest.

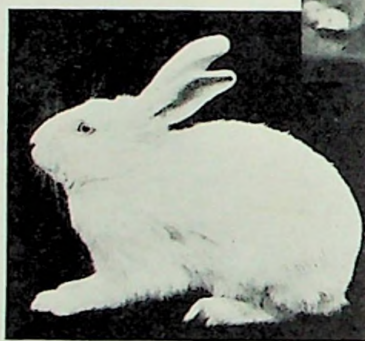
Beef is the meat most necessary to the dog's health. Give raw beef at least twice a week; four or five times a week is not too often, unless there is something special about your dog's reaction to food. It is wrong to lay down hard and fast rules, however, for dogs differ, just as human beings, in this complex matter of diet.

Buy good meat for your dog, not expensive cuts but fresh and lean. Suitable cuts include chuck beef, shin beef, beef heart, beef liver, neck of lamb (the breast is too fat), and any of the cheaper varieties of fresh fish.

On the days when you do not give raw beef, give either cooked beef, lamb, mutton, or fish. Never give raw fish to a dog, and never give him pork, or smoked meats.

Some dogs like pot cheese. This also may take the place of meat in the meal—at infrequent intervals. Canned fish—canned salmon, mackerel, or tuna fish—is another suitable

YOUR DOG AND CAT MAY BECOME GOOD FRIENDS! OBSERVE "PADDY REILLY'S" PROTECTIVE MANNER TOWARD "ORPHAN ANNIE," THE CAT. PADDY RECENTLY RECEIVED THE BOY SCOUT LIFESAVING MEDAL IN RECOGNITION OF HIS HAVING HELPED TO RESCUE FORTY PERSONS FROM FIRE, DROWNING, AND ASPHYXIATION. BOTH ANIMALS BELONG TO MISS ALICE MANCHESTER OF NEW YORK CITY



Photograph from "Our Dumb Animals"

food. Eggs, either raw or boiled, furnish proteins and may sometimes take the place of meat at the main meal.

Never give meat or fish with bones small enough to be swallowed. They may stick in your dog's throat, or puncture

his intestines. Chop bones, chicken bones, T-bones, are all of them dangerous. No matter how appetizing the scraps from the Sunday chicken dinner may be, don't give them to your dog, for chicken bones splinter easily and are therefore especially dangerous. Instead, get him a nice big knuckle bone once or twice a week.

In giving vegetables, remember that they should not constitute more than one-fourth of a dog's diet. Don't expect him to make a meal of potatoes and peas. Indeed, he should never be given either of these vegetables. Neither should he have lima beans, or corn. Suitable vegetables for dogs include carrots (which most of them enjoy), spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, beet greens, asparagus, lettuce, onions, garlic, and tomatoes. Boil the meat and vegetables together, or put everything through a food chopper. If you merely add cut-up vegetables to his meat, your dog may nose them out of the dish, or eat around them. When you first give vegetables, particularly if your dog is unaccustomed to them, they may have a laxative effect which is undesirable. Give less or none for a few days, and then try again. There are valuable mineral elements in vegetables which dogs need, especially dogs who live in city homes and get limited exercise and sunshine.

With meat and eggs and fish supplying one-half the dog's food, and vegetables one-fourth, what are the starches



RIGHT: GUINEA PIGS MAKE LOVABLE PETS AND ENJOY BEING FONDLED ALMOST AS MUCH AS THEY ENJOY EATING. A FEW EXTRA DOORS, LADDERS, AND PLATFORMS IN THEIR RUNWAYS WILL PROVIDE THEM WITH PLENTY OF EXERCISE AND YOU WITH THE FUN OF WATCHING THEM BUSTLING ABOUT

*Photograph by courtesy of "Our Dumb Animals"*

GOOD MANNERS AND PROPER BEHAVIOR ARE A SOURCE OF PRIDE TO THE DOG AS WELL AS TO THE MASTER, AND REFLECT CREDIT ON YOU BOTH. THIS COLLIE OFFERS HIS PAW IN FRIENDLY GREETING TO SOME ONE WHO IS STANDING JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR

*Photograph by Doris Day*



milk—to each pound of dog. But, to follow this guide, you need to know not only the weight of your dog, but you must know whether your dog weighs what he should, considering his breed and age. There are charts giving the average weight for different breeds, in leaflets put out by manufacturers of prepared dog foods.

Another good way to find out how much your dog needs is to let him tell you. If he leaves anything in his dish, remove at once and do not feed him again until the usual hour for his next meal. If he does not seem eager to eat, cut down on his portions. If he is ravenous, no doubt you have underestimated his needs. After a few days of intelligent observation, you will soon know how much to give your dog

to keep him happy and in good health. In deciding the amount, remember that much depends upon the life your dog lives. A dog living in the country, free to run through the fields and woods all day, needs more than a dog whose only exercise is a sedate promenade on a leash up and down the Avenue. Neither fat nor thin is the ideal for dogs, as for people.

The number of meals a day depends upon the age of your dog, and upon the way he has been (*Continued on page 30*)



"KITTEN ON THE KEYS!" A BLUE-EYED WHITE PERSIAN TRIES HER PAWS AT A CAT FUGUE, BUT HER EXPRESSION INDICATES THAT SHE IS RATHER DOUBTFUL OVER THE JANGLED SOUNDS SHE IS MAKING

*Photograph by Paul W. Kearney*

suitable for making up the rest of a proper diet?

Dog biscuits are first on the list. There are large ones, requiring considerable chewing and gnawing, and many small and broken up varieties. It is well for your dog to learn to enjoy this kind of food, for it rounds out his diet admirably. Puppies started on dog biscuits find them palatable. Older dogs may refuse them unless they are combined with meat, or meat broth. Dry whole wheat bread or toast is also acceptable for the starchy portion of the dog's meal. But do not give your dog rice; and in summer never give him corn meal, or oat meal. In cold weather these cereals will not harm him if given in moderation.

Good prepared dog foods are satisfactory, but vary them with fresh foods. Table scraps in the correct proportion of meat, vegetables, and starches make excellent fare. Never give fried food, ice cream, cake, candy, or cookies.

Milk, fresh or evaporated, is good, if your dog likes it, and is a "must" for puppies. Sour, malted, or buttermilk may also be given. Give the milk and all other foods slightly warm, never really hot, and never icy cold. Either extreme is harmful.

If you have never had a dog, you may appreciate a hint as to the approximate amount of food he needs. The general rule is one-half to three-quarters of an ounce of food—including vegetables, starches, gravy, broth, or





# HAPPY ACRES

By LENORA  
MATTINGLY  
WEBER

*The plucky band at the ranch celebrates Dakie's good fortune, Duncan Smith gains new hope, and Martha witnesses a miracle*

## PART SEVEN

ASYMPATHETIC and indignant silence fell when Duncan Smith told that his murder story had been returned. "That's the third one that's been sent back. The others I didn't feel so low about—but this one! After I'd soaked up all that story technique, and lived murder and slept murder—"

Martha's heart ached for him. He had worked so hard on that manuscript. She was thankful when Hank diverted his mind by asking him about college courses, telling him that his father and stepmother wanted him to be either a banker or lawyer. "They give me first and second choice," he grinned ruefully.

"What are you happiest doing?" Duncan Smith asked.

Hank answered, a little sheepishly, "I'm happiest when I've got my feet on plowed ground. I'll never forget the thrill of turning over my first long strip of sod. And I like putting seed in it. Then I like getting in with the cultivator and ripping the weeds out—and seeing the field looking refreshed and clean."

"He likes pigs, too," contributed Chatty.

Hank went on, "The folks wouldn't mind so much if I was one of these gentleman farmers that own farms and rent them out to tenants—but I like the grubby part of it."

"Then, for Pete's sake, farm—and don't make a poor lawyer or banker out of yourself," Duncan Smith said. He told Hank about courses in animal husbandry, horticulture; he bolstered up the boy's confidence which was daily trampled low by Mrs. Dittmar, her daughter Muriel, and his own father.

And finally everyone had gone wearily but happily off to bed—only Duncan Smith had the weariness but no happiness. Dakin was so excited he couldn't sleep. Several times he came sidling into the room Martha was putting to rights, to tell her something that Herr Friedel had said to him. He lingered to say, "Duncan's girl had lunch with us."

"Is she pretty?" The words slipped out, unconsciously.

Illustrated by EDWARD RYAN



A HALF HOUR BEFORE THE APPOINTED TIME, THE FAMILY HUDDLED AROUND THE RADIO





### The Story So Far

The setting is the McGrails' Colorado ranch. There are four McGrail children—Martha, seventeen, who tries to take her dead mother's place; Chatty, younger, crippled by a leg injury; Dakin, eleven, who plays the violin; and Tommy, three. Their father, an aviator, is reported lost at sea, but they refuse to believe this, and resist the efforts of neighbors to dispose of them in various ways. Mrs. Dittmar (the disagreeable step-mother of Chatty's friend, Hank) wants to adopt Dakin, who, she believes, has the makings of a fine musician; Mrs. Gunnage, the gloomy housekeeper, wants her niece to adopt Tommy; Doctor Desjardines, a bone specialist, wants to take Chatty to Chicago for treatment; and Fred Schef, a crude neighbor, wants to marry Martha.

The McGrails realize their only hope of keeping the family together lies in finding a guardian. Their one relative, Dakin Lang, their mother's cousin, lives in Colorado Springs, though they have never seen him because of a family estrangement. Martha and young Dakin drive to the Springs to beg him to act as guardian, but he is away on a long trip. In despair they persuade a young man they meet on the road, carrying a typewriter, to personate their cousin Dakin. The stranger proves to be a teacher, Duncan Smith, who has given up his job at the insistence of his girl, to write mystery stories. As he has just been held up and robbed of money and car, he is willing to take a chance on the situation at Happy Acres.

Duncan proves to be an excellent guardian, though the would-be adopters are suspicious of him, thinking "Cousin Dakin" should be older. He works hard at writing, but his stories are consistently returned.

"Um-hmm. She looks like a movie star. You wouldn't think anybody'd wear a fur thing in the summer, would you, Martha? But she did—it was white—and it kept sliding off her shoulders."

"What kind of a dress did she wear?"

"It was black silk and she had a white flower pinned on it here—" indicating the shoulder,—"and her hair was just like wings on a blackbird, so smooth and black." He added, "I don't believe she likes boys like me very well. She didn't say hardly anything to me."

"Scoot on to bed, Dakie," Martha admonished.

MARTHA WAS GLAD WHEN DUNCAN SMITH CUT IN ON HER FOR FRED SCHEF'S FEET WERE AS STOLID AS HIS MIND

Looking out the window, she could see the light still burning in the loft, could see the silhouette of the would-be story writer slumped at the table. She thought resentfully, a little jealously, perhaps, of the girl Miriam in her black-and-white costume, who had set for him the task of being a successful writer because he didn't make enough money teaching school. And because Martha's heart was so full of sympathy for Duncan, she climbed the ladder to the loft.

"Duncan, you shouldn't be discouraged because this story—and the others—came back. I read once that a writer wrote for five years before he sold a single story."

"It isn't that," he said heavily. "It's the feeling of helplessness I have about the whole affair. Even if I could write them well enough to sell, I'd hate it. Always finding a corpse on the floor—planting false clues—then, just in case your suspense lets up, killing off someone else. I hate the whole works."

"Then don't do it. Forget about it. Go back to your teaching next fall."

"No," he said slowly, "I can't do that. Miriam and I had another talk about it to-day. She said she could never be happy tied to a poorly paid teacher. She says if I work hard and put my whole heart in it, I'll succeed. But that's the rub—my whole heart!"

Martha said, "Duncan, I know what you ought to write. You ought to be an advice-giver on paper. Just like you talked to Hank to-night. Look at the young folks you would help! There must be lots of Hanks in the world who need to be set right. You could put your heart into that. You could follow up one article with another. They'd be wonderful."

He was staring at her. It was like seeing the sun push through dark clouds to see first the wonder, then the belief in himself, push away the despair and doubt. "Why, yes, yes!" He was thinking aloud. "I could draw on my own experience—for instance, the boy who shouldn't go to college at all but should work with his hands, whose parents send him just the same, because they won't admit he isn't the intellectual type. Martha, do you really think I could do it?"

"Think!" Martha scoffed, and she quoted Chatty, "I know doggone well you can."



Into Duncan's tired face came a far-seeing, planning abstraction. He reached out, took Martha's two hands in his. "Martha, you consistent little trump! Never once trying to make a person over. Do you know how I feel—just as though I'd been stumbling along in the dark, and, all at once, you came to me with a light and said, 'What are you doing on this strange road? Here is the one for you.'"

THESE were not unhappy days at Happy Acres, for all they were so suspense-filled, for all that, every time their phone tinkled out two shorts and a long ring, every time the mail man left a letter in the mail box on a post, their hearts thudded. Perhaps—oh, perhaps—this was the message they were waiting for. Once or twice a mail plane, flying overhead, flew lower and the buzz of its motor caused them all to rush out to see if it was a plane circling to land. Martha's heart would rise high and fluttery, only to sink back tired and heavy again.

Again and again Martha was reminded of her mother's murmuring, "Thank God for work that keeps the hands and heart busy."

Chatty still labored untiringly with her ewes and lambs. At last the unnamed ewe had a name. This ewe had a lamb of her own, but perhaps she was envious of those who had twins, perhaps she had a strong maternal instinct, for she constantly made a fuss over Grandma's hardy twin, and tried to persuade him to go with her. "Look, Martha—look, Duncan," Chatty pointed out one evening. "Just look at Mrs. Dittmar there—she's got one of her own, but she isn't satisfied, she keeps trying to annex one that doesn't belong to her." She squealed with delight. "See, I knew a name for that ewe would just come to me—Mrs. Dittmar."

"Chatty, you can't name a ewe that. She might hear of it," remonstrated Martha.

"Can't I, Duncan?" Chatty appealed.

"No, ma'am," he said firmly.

"But we'll let you call it Mrs. D., if it soothes your soul to do it."

Dakin practiced for hours on his violin. "Now just imagine," Duncan Smith would say to him in the evening, "that you're playing your piece, and that we're the audience. Walk on, make your bow."

Tommy Tucker, like the lambs, seemed to be growing a little less obstreperous. He divided his interest between the toads and his two goldfish. One day Duncan Smith opened some sardines which were among his provisions. Tommy gave vent to loud grief. "Why did you cut their heads off?" he reproached Duncan. "Such nice little fish—you shouldn't have cut them off."

But the greatest change was in Mrs. Gunnage. Since the coming of Duncan Smith, who had given her *carte blanche*, she did more work and complained less. Chatty, engrossed in her outside work, proved less annoying and more appreciative—at times she even approached the complimentary. "Can you imagine it," she said one noon, "this split pea soup actually tastes like split pea soup." It did seem that with the lightening of Mrs. Gunnage's spirits, her bread had lightened, too.

Up in his loft, Duncan Smith worked with such engrossed

eagerness on his advice-giving articles that often Martha had to stand outside and *yoo-hoo* repeatedly, to remind him that it was mealtime. In the evening, she would sit in the corner on the hay and listen while Duncan, standing so that the lantern light fell on his pages, would read her the parts he had written that day.

"Make it clear right there," Martha would criticise thoughtfully, "that just *some* parents are egotistical and short-sighted; because all parents aren't."

"Uh, huh," he would agree, stopping to scribble in the margin.

One late afternoon Fred Schef brought poor, frail Aunt Mary to Happy Acres. "Here's Aunt Mary," he announced. "She's been anxious to come down here to visit you folks and hear Dakin play that fiddle of his. So I brought her. Her knitting machine lost a cog out, and we have to send away for another. She can't knit and she's just underfoot."

That was the Schef way—not a cat that wasn't a mouser, not a pup that couldn't herd sheep, was fed on their place. Martha saw the pitiful appeal in the old lady's eyes and laid a welcoming hand on her arm.

"We're so glad to have you, Aunt Mary. I hope you can stay a long time."

In that nice after-supper lull when Duncan Smith lit his pipe, and Tommy Tucker climbed on to Martha's lap, and she rocked to him and sang very softly in between snatches of talk, Chatty confessed to Aunt Mary and all of them that she had sent away for a knitting machine—she and Hank had pooled their money to do it. "I didn't want to be deadwood like Fred Schef said—but, migosh, such lumps and bulges as I get when I try to knit a sock!"

Aunt Mary looked at the machine. It was a newer model than hers, and Hank had kept it well oiled. "I'll show you," she promised. The talk then turned to the wool which they had sheared, but which the wool buyer would not take. Aunt Mary said, "If we just had a spinning

wheel, I could card it for spinning; then we could knit it." Her trembling fingers touched the wool appraisingly. "It'd work up beautifully into warm, long-wearing socks."

And so it came about that Hank smuggled the old-time spinning wheel out of his stepmother's colonial room on the third floor of their house, and fixed it up for Aunt Mary. They all took a hand at the carding and spinning and knitting, and, after three days, they had to show for their labor one sock which was fleecy and warm and elastic.

A letter came for Dakin. It was from young Herr Friedel, and it threw the whole family at Happy Acres into a furor of anticipation and excitement. Herr Friedel had found a place on his stage program for him, and Dakin was to come to Denver right away and let Herr Friedel brush him up for the part.

Martha hurried to churn every bit of cream there was on the place. She worked the butter and molded it, took it in to the store at Antelope, and exchanged it for a white blouse and necktie for Dakin. "Now we'll polish your shoes extra special and they'll get by," she planned.

"I'll wear my wedding pants," Dakin added.

"I'll trim his hair a bit," Mrs. Gunnage offered.

"Don't you let her trim his hair!" (Continued on page 32)

## First Snow

By FRANCES FROST

Dark silver on the thick, white cloud,  
The still boughs waited for the snow.  
I heard the cool wind blow unloud,  
I heard the final crisp leaf go

Earthward like a small bronze bird  
And lodge in its predestined place,  
Then quietly the grass was furred,  
Snow-flowered stood the carrot lace.

The meadow brook, the swift and brown,  
Drowned the soft flakes in its hoarse flood,  
And winter sighed and settled down  
Upon the clean twigs of the wood.



Illustrated by  
MERLE  
REED

MIDGE STRETCHED LUXURIOUSLY.  
IT WAS LIKE LIVING IN A MOVIE,  
SHE THOUGHT—ONLY, EVEN  
IN THE MOVIES, SHE HAD NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING SO ELEGANT



*Midge thought it would be fun  
to be entertained in a New  
York penthouse, but she found  
there are drawbacks to being—*

By  
MARJORIE PARADIS

## GUEST *of* HONOR

WANT to borrow a bed jacket, Midge?" offered Clarabelle as the maid snuggled a white angora bolero over her silk pajamas, making her look like a powder puff topped by a doll's head.

"No, thanks! These balbriggans would keep me warm on an ice floe," Midge Bennett laughed, but she felt as if she should have known better than to bring her boarding-school pajamas to a New York penthouse.

It was like living in a movie, she thought, a three-dimensional, colored movie. She gazed, wide-eyed, from the far walls of the huge room, furnished in ivory, gold festooned, and carpeted in pale green, to the breakfast tray that girded her legs. China decorated with buttercups, a napkin of woven sunshine! Clarabelle, in the adjacent twin bed, had china decorated with clover, and a green napkin; and on each of the napkins, as well as on the corn-colored sheets, was embroidered *Clarabelle*. Even in the movies, Midge had never seen anything so elegant.

The invitation had come as a surprise. Midge never went with Clarabelle at Duncan Hall—they hadn't even exchanged Christmas cards—but yesterday morning Clarabelle had telephoned and begged Midge to spend the night with her.

"We can go to the opera to-night, and ice skate tomorrow morning—I have a ducky new skating suit. And in the afternoon I'm having a little tea dance, and I want you

to be guest of honor. Please come, Midge! I'm so lonely, Mamma and Papa have gone to Bermuda. I'll send William over with the car to fetch you."

Perhaps the doleful black limousine had started Midge off on the wrong foot, for she could think of nothing, during the ride from Flatbush to Fifth Avenue, but her Great-Uncle Herbert's funeral. Moreover, the first person she saw, as she stepped off the elevator which opened directly into the Fahnestock's private hall, was a trained nurse! In the Bennett home, a trained nurse meant a fight between life and death; they had had one for a week when her sister Adele had pneumonia.

"Who's sick?" she had whispered to Clarabelle as the nurse preceded them with her bag.

Her hostess had laughed immoderately, for Miss Tieford, it seemed, had been in the family ever since Clarabelle had been born.

Dinner they ate in an enormous dining room, served by a butler—which meant they had to help themselves—and although Midge loved fried chicken, asparagus, and everything they had, she couldn't remember when she had got up from a meal feeling so hungry.

There was something oppressive to her about the vast, austere apartment, so different from her own modest little home; and even the Christmas lights on the terrace, ornamenting the pine trees outside each window, failed to cheer her.



Of course the luxury of Grand Opera, and being conveyed by a limousine to the Metropolitan under the chaperonage of Miss Tiefert, had been a rare treat, though the weariness produced by a day of outdoor exercise before she came had proved more powerful than *The Barber of Seville* and, struggle as she would, Midge had not been able to keep her head from nodding.

Now, as she piled a Mt. Everest of sugar on her grapefruit, she thought pleasantly of home and all she would have to relate that evening. Her visit, she decided, like the trip on the *Maid of the Mist* at Niagara, would be more enjoyable in retrospect.

"I love your snuggly angora jacket, Clarabelle," she praised. "My sister got an adorable pair of angora mittens for Christmas."

"Mittens! I couldn't imagine your *chic* sister in mittens," exclaimed Clarabelle, shaking her black curls at the idea.

"Neither can Adele—but when I try to make a swop she thinks they're worth the Brooklyn Bridge." Midge peeked under a china dome and licked her lips at the sight of pancakes and sausages.

"Midge, darling, do you suppose your sister would come over for tea this afternoon? Of course we're a lot younger, but—oh, I think she's wonderful! Would you 'phone and ask her?"

Midge readily agreed. She felt as if she'd been away from home a very long time; also, she found it dramatic to use the white enamel telephone within reach of the bed.

"Thought you'd be out skating hours ago," commented Adele.

"We're not up yet—still eating breakfast."

"Some people have all the luck," exclaimed the older sister. "Norah's sick and I had to wash the breakfast dishes. Talk of dishpan hands, I have frying-pan paws."

Midge relayed the invitation and Adele graciously accepted.

"Tell her to bring a date—two dates," suggested Clarabelle. "It must be wonderful to have a sister," she sighed when the connection was broken.

"Yes," agreed Midge with unusual fervor.

"I'm so lonely," mourned Clarabelle, then suddenly she brightened. "Midge, I tell you what! You stay here for the rest of our vacation!"

"Oh, I couldn't," refused Midge too promptly, and the thick cream seemed to sour as she poured it over her cereal.

"Of course you could. We'd have lots of fun."

"Sorry, Clarabelle, but I must go home."

Home! That little frame house on the rim of the city suddenly seemed like a real person, a fifth member of the family, a maiden aunt, perhaps, who served them well, but who in turn depended on them for her spring coat of paint and her general well-being. The idea brought a genial grin to Midge's lips.

"Why?" teased Clarabelle.

"There's the Sunday School entertainment to-morrow night."

"Forget it, and we'll go to a show. You'll stay a week anyway, won't you, Midge? Just one little week? If you won't, I'll be frightfully hurt."

Midge felt her heart sink as she realized she had been caught in the toils of this new friendship.

"I *must* be back by Saturday. A crowd of us are going to Bear Mountain, skiing. I hope I can bargain for the mittens before then, but I tell you what I'll do, Clarabelle—I'll stay with you until Friday."

"That's not very long. This is Tuesday," lamented the other girl.

"I know, but I don't see much of my family as it is. They'd be awfully disappointed if I stayed any longer."



"What about me, here alone with Tinfoil?" Clarabelle pouted.

As if summoned by the sound of her nickname, Miss Tiefert crackled into the room, with a smile as starched as her white cap.

"Good morning, young ladies! How is the guest of honor?"

"She's going to stay with me until Friday, Tinfoil, and maybe longer, if I can persuade her to. Isn't that swell!"





AS SHE WOBLED IN ON HER SKATES THE CROWD GREETED HER WITH JEERS. "MIDGE BENNETT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" ADELE ASKED HAUGHTILY

Midge found herself pitying this woman who had been chained by luxury years ago, and had never escaped.

"Yes, indeed," agreed the nurse. "I'm going to order the flowers now. What sort of corsages do you girls want?"

Clarabelle selected talisman roses to go with her yellow crêpe, and gardenias for Midge's red crêpe. The unique experience of having flowers ordered for her would have thrilled Midge, if it had not been for the weight of those extra four days.

Although skating had been scheduled for that morning, it was well after one o'clock before they left, and already the butler and two maids were preparing for the afternoon party.

"We won't have very long to skate," mourned Midge, in the elevator, as they sank the nineteen stories to the foyer.

"No one will come before five. We'll have at least an hour," soothed Clarabelle, pausing to view her Christmas skating suit in a chromium mirror. The circular skirt of black velvet, with a green-and-red plaid jacket and beret to match, made an attractive outfit. "You look adorable, Midge," she praised, without shifting her eyes from her own reflection. "You have the loveliest clothes."

"Nonsense," denied Midge. She wondered if the praise was intended as consolation, for her pleated brown plaid skirt was old, and so was her brown windbreaker. But perhaps it was her gaily feathered Scotch cap and orange scarf that Clarabelle admired. "Clothes are the least of my worries—I leave that to Adele," she said briskly.

"Radio City," ordered Clarabelle, as William helped them into the limousine.

"Radio City!" cried Midge. "When there's skating in Central Park?"

"But, Midge, only the rabble go to the Park," argued her hostess.

"Then I'm part of the rabble. I'm too Scotch to spend money, or let you spend it, when there's ice at your very doorstep."

SO DEFINITE was she on this point that Clarabelle changed the order, and, a few minutes later, the chauffeur busied himself lacing their skate shoes. Midge wondered how Clarabelle ever managed at school.

Snap went the leather thong under his vigorous fingers. He knotted it, and apologized, "I'm afraid, Miss, it'll have to be cut when you come to get it off."

"That doesn't make any difference," insisted Midge, little realizing how mistaken she could be.

The two girls started off. Clarabelle, a diligent but un-inspired skater, clung to her friend's arm, a dragging anchor. The holiday throng and a rising temperature had topped the ice with slush from which exuded a penetrating dampness. Midge felt uncomfortably responsible.

"There, I told you it wouldn't be any good," scolded Clarabelle.

"We can't stay long, anyway, so it doesn't make much difference," argued Midge. She saw little prospect of enjoying herself, under any circumstances, with Clarabelle as a partner.

"Makes a big difference to me," pouted the other. "I like to watch the people."

"Could you lean a little less heavily, Clare? My arm's busting."

"Sorry if I'm bothering you." The apology had a fretful edge, and, head high, Clarabelle struck out by herself. A minute later she stumbled and fell flat.

"There, look at that!" she protested, glaring at Midge as if she were to blame for the dripping velvet skirt, sleek as a seal. "I'm going home."

"Already? We haven't been here ten minutes," expostulated Midge.

"Stay if you choose. I'm going!" She headed for the automobile.

"I will, if you don't mind," agreed Midge. "I'd rather skate than dance."

"But you'll be back by three, won't you? I want you to look your best."

(Continued on page 31)



# HEIGH-HO FOR

*Now's the time*



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS! THE GIRL SCOUTS OF NEW YORK, DECORATED TEN CHRISTMAS TREES WITH FRUIT AND RAISINS, THREADING THE STRINGS OF THE "BIRD" TREES WERE LOCATED IN



Photograph by Paul Parker

TOP LEFT: GIRL SCOUTS OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, CHOSE DECORATING TREES FOR THE BIRDS AS THEIR CHRISTMAS ACTIVITY. OVER ONE HUNDRED LIVING EVERGREENS THROUGHOUT THE CITY WERE BEDECKED WITH STRINGS OF FOOD. LEFT CENTER: A DISCARDED DOLL BABY ACQUIRES A NEW COMPLEXION AND SOME NEW CLOTHES! GIRL SCOUTS REFURBISH DOLLS AND ARRANGE FOR THEIR DISTRIBUTION, THROUGH A SOCIAL AGENCY, TO MAKE OTHER CHILDREN HAPPY AT CHRISTMAS TIME



Photograph by Waukegan News-Sun

WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS GIRL SCOUTS RETURN VICTORIOUS FROM THE CHRISTMAS YULE LOG HUNT



LEFT: A SALUTE FOR A GIRL SCOUT GRANDMOTHER! ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE YOU MAY READ ABOUT THE GIRL SCOUTS WHO ADOPTED MRS. CASTLE AS THEIR GRANDMOTHER. THIS GIRL SCOUT CAROLER, OF TROOP NINE, IS CAROLING THE CAROLER'S HOOD AND CARRYING THE



# THE HOLLY~

to be jolly!



Photograph by H. W. Karluk

SS! BROWNIES OF WHITE PLAINS, NEW  
TRINGS OF POPCORN, SUET, CRANBERRIES,  
DOD IN THEIR BROWNIE PACK MEETINGS.  
DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE CITY.



-THER ON HER EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.  
HOW TROOP FIVE, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS,  
2. RIGHT: "JOY TO THE WORLD" SINGS  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO. SHE IS WEARING  
-TERN SHE MADE AS A TROOP PROJECT



Photograph  
by Paul  
Parker



TOP RIGHT: GILDED PINE  
CONES ARE STUNNING AS  
CHRISTMAS TREE DECORA-  
TIONS WHEN COMBINED  
WITH STRINGS OF GAY RED  
CRANBERRIES AND SNOWY  
POPCORN. THESE GIRL  
SCOUTS COLLECTED THE  
CONES AT A PICNIC, GILDED  
THEM AT A PARTY, AND  
WILL ENJOY THEM  
THROUGHOUT THE CHRIS-  
TAS SEASON: AT RIGHT:  
THREE PATROL LEADERS OF  
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS, HAD  
A GOOD TIME AT THE  
CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE  
HOME OF THEIR TROOP  
LEADER



Photograph by Waukegan News-Sun



NAPA, CALIFORNIA SCOUTS HELP  
THEIR COMMUNITY BY FOLDING  
CHRISTMAS SEALS AND LETTERS





THREE GIRL SCOUTS AND A BEAMING BROWNIE OF OAK PARK, ILLINOIS, DISPLAY THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS THEY WILL DELIVER TO CHILDREN OF THEIR COMMUNITY. RIGHT, BELOW: ALL READY FOR A CHRISTMAS PARTY AT GIRL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS IN ELMIRA, NEW YORK

# SANTA CLAUS HAS



SANTA CLAUS WELCOMES SOME YOUNG BELIEVERS AT A GOOD TURN PARTY GIVEN BY GIRL SCOUTS AT DAVENPORT, IOWA



## OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. The Star Reporter's story, of two to three hundred words, should tell: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

**M**ILDRED REILLY of Troop 2, Memphis, Tennessee, has the honor of being named Star Reporter for December. Mildred writes:

"About a month before Christmas, the girls of Troop Two of the Blessed Sacrament Church were beginning to think seriously of their Christmas project.

"No one seemed to be able to think of a plan that suited everyone until shadowgraph plays were suggested. The idea was considered a good one, and the girls began immediately to pick subjects on which to base their plays.

"Cardboard and small sticks were collected, out of which the figures were fashioned. The figures were drawn and cut out, then the sticks had to be fastened to them so the figures could be moved in such a way as to cast moving shadows on the screen without the operators being seen. Everyone worked hard, and soon the figures were finished and the dialogue perfected.

"Each patrol prepared its own little show. At last all was ready and the shadowgraphs were shown at troop meeting, where two were chosen to be used. They were 'Shortnin' Bread,' derived from the old Negro song of that name, and 'The Night Before Christmas.'

"The different societies of the church give candy, nuts, fruit, and other edibles each Christmas to the inmates of the Shelby County Hospital for the Aged and Infirm, and the Girl Scouts asked to give their program on the same day.

"On December twenty-third we drove to the hospital. We were directed to the assembly hall where the program was to take place. All the old men and women, both white and colored, were waiting. On the stage, at one end of the hall, a huge tree glittered with many pretty lights and gay tinsel trimmings. At one side, and to the front of the stage, a table had been placed. On this table was the screen which had been made by one of the Girl Scouts.

"Both the plays were shown, then several dance numbers were given by members of the troop. Candy and other things were distributed among the audience. When everything was over we left for home, happy in the thought that we had helped to make the day a little brighter for these old folks."

### FROM A BROWNIE

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS: It made me so glad to have my picture taken with the Girl Scouts and the things they had made for their community service.

When I went to the office at Christmas time, I saw many rooms full of toys and useful things children had made. Some of the things that we made in our Brownie Pack were there. How happy those sick children must have been to get the toys!

I am happy to be a Brownie, and I hope I may always be a Girl Scout. I am nine years old.

*Betty Anne Baumer*

### A GOOD TURN PARTY

DAVENPORT, IOWA: In the spring a young Scout's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball and camp; but in the winter, when baseball things are put away, a Scout's fancy turns to the holiday season and the fun of providing a Christmas for some children who, otherwise, wouldn't have any Christmas.

Their Christmas is usually in the form of a "Good Turn Party"—that is, the Girl Scout troops of Davenport collect old toys in the homes and neighborhoods of the girls. These toys are remodeled by the girls themselves, a date being set when the toys must be finished, usually around the twenty-second or twenty-third of December. All the toys are then taken to the place where the party is to be held. This is usually a large hall which the girls decorate. There is a large Christmas tree, with lights and bright trimmings.

Days ahead of time, the girls and leaders pack candy in individual bags tied with gay-colored ribbons. Besides the candy, there are apples, oranges, and, of course, the toys. A program, and somebody to impersonate Santa Claus, are provided by the different troops, and the girls and leaders are hostesses.

The children who attend this party are invited through the Visiting Nurse Association, or the Welfare Association. Each troop provides toys for six or eight children. The children are called for, and taken home again, in cars provided by the Visiting Nurse Association.



# MANY HELPERS

## among GIRL SCOUTS



BRIGHTENING CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS WITH A TREE OF THEIR OWN ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, FRONTING THE ART MUSEUM. READ THE SCRIBE'S ACCOUNT PRINTED AT THE RIGHT



TWO SHADOWGRAPH PLAYS PRESENTED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP TWO, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, HELPED TO MAKE CHRISTMAS MERRIER FOR THE OLD PEOPLE IN THE SHELBY COUNTY HOSPITAL. SEE THE STAR REPORTER'S STORY ON PAGE 28



GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP FIFTY-SEVEN, COLUMBUS, OHIO, MAKE THEIR OWN LANTERNS AND HOODS, AND SING CAROLS TO THE NEIGHBORING SHUT-INS

These parties have been an annual event in Davenport for the past five years, and, even though it does mean a lot of work, the leaders and girls are fully repaid by the gleeful shouts and sparkling eyes of the children.

*Onie Jones*

### THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE

CLEVELAND, OHIO: December fifteenth found Troop Ninety-three in deep silence, trying to think of some deed to make Christmas brighter for someone. After a time, each member had some suggestion to make, and finally somebody contributed the idea of decorating the tree, dedicated to the birds, which stands on the lake banks fronting the Cleveland Art Museum.

You should have seen those girls spring into a babble of planning! They didn't stop to vote, but each took it for granted that the vote would be unanimous.

They set the date for decorating the tree as the day of the next meeting, as that was right before Christmas. Then much deciding of what to use as decoration put heads to thinking once again. Each girl promised to bring a certain article. Our meeting ended profitably in rehearsing Christmas carols.

The following week we met in front of the little tree—which looked forlorn and forgotten with patches of melted snow around and about it. Our leaders and a few friends came to watch the ceremony, and, much to our surprise, a photographer came to snap a picture of our masterpiece!

And it was a masterpiece! The girls contributed ornaments in the form of strings of red cranberries, strings of white popcorn, pieces of suet, and little paper cups tied to the branches and filled with sunflower seeds. The

tree looked so pretty when we finished our task, and we lingered a while to see the first hungry birds arrive. We did see the first birds light on the tree, and each girl felt, as she wandered home, that she had helped some of God's most helpless creatures.

*Constance Lynch*

### NARCISSUS BULBS

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE: In November Troop Twelve decided to do a bit of Christmas community service. It was voted to plant narcissus bulbs for the Crippled Children's Hospital.

When I brought my bulb home, I planted it in a tea cup without a handle. I put mine in a dark closet for a week, as we were instructed in our Girl Scout meeting. It was surprising how much the little plant grew in that one week!

About two weeks later, we decorated the containers and carried them to the hospital. We felt that we had done very little, but when we saw the happy faces of the children in the hospital, we knew our effort was appreciated by them.

*Betty Bailey*

### OUR GRANDMOTHER

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS: In 1930, Troop Five met and fell in love with Mrs. Mary Ann Castle. She was English born. Her family was in Canada, and she was alone in an almost strange country. Because we were so attracted to this lively, lovable lady, we adopted her; and now, after knowing her for eight years, we wouldn't trade her for her weight in gold.

She is about five feet tall, has soft white hair, and baby-blue eyes. Cheerful and gay, she captures the hearts of all who meet her. We wish you could all meet our grandmother who has so graciously made room in her heart for the Girl Scouts of Troop Five.

On December 7, 1937 we gave her a party in celebration of her eighty-first birthday; the camera man crashed our party and took a charming picture of Mrs. Castle and some of her Scout grandchildren.

*June Morris, Ruth Allen, Jean Smedberg*  
(Editor's Note: See picture on page 26.)



# FUR, FINS, AND FEATHERS, II

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

brought up. One meal a day, usually at about six o'clock in the evening, is best for dogs of a year or more in age. But some dogs are accustomed to having two meals a day. If your dog seems to need breakfast, give him a simple one of dog biscuits and milk; or give him a raw egg in milk now and then for variety.

Always provide plenty of cool, clean water for your dog, especially in summer. A dog perspires, not through his skin as we do, but through his lungs, and water is particularly grateful to his tongue. If your dog refuses to drink a reasonable amount of water—and some dogs are inclined to do this—add more salt to his food to develop his thirst.

Do not worry about your dog because he eats rapidly. Almost all dogs gulp their food. Only the finicky eaters pick at it and consume it daintily. A dog's teeth are primarily for biting and tearing, and he chews only hard biscuits or bones. Gnawing, of course, keeps his teeth bright and clean. That is why hard biscuits should be a regular part of his diet, and why he needs big, non-splintery bones to work on. It is a good idea to feed your dog yourself and to teach him not to accept food from strangers.

To prevent the formation of tartar and to ward off decay of the teeth, keep on hand a supply of charcoal biscuits. Give one or two to your dog after meals, two or three times a week. If your dog's gums become red and swollen, you can be pretty sure that he is getting too much soft food, or that someone has been pampering him with candy or cake. Revise his diet and, if he continues to suffer, take him to a veterinary to have his teeth looked after.

In the matter of keeping your dog clean and well-groomed in appearance, daily brushing is of primary importance. Baths are necessary and desirable, but they should not be given too often. Once a month is usually sufficient in winter, twice a month in summer.

Never bathe your dog in a chilly, drafty room. Even under the most comfortable circumstances, most dogs detest being bathed. They are particularly miserable if, in addition to being wet and sudsy, they are also cold. Have the water warm, but not hot. The ideal tub is one large enough to accommodate your dog nicely and let the water come up to his chest. Talk to him while you are washing him, and reassure him that he is "a good dog." Use a mild soap, and a bath hose with a nozzle spray, for rinsing. Get out every bit of soap with plenty of lukewarm rinse water.

In bathing a dog, begin by soaping around his neck—to keep fleas from crawling into his ears. Be very careful not to get water in his ears—it may give him canker. It isn't advisable to wash the inside of his ears.

Your dog isn't a dog if he never has fleas, and you can expect plenty in the autumn. Comb them out—vaseline on the comb will help snare them—and for a bad case use a reliable flea powder. Remember, though, that chasing fleas is a year 'round task. Don't let them get a head start, or you will have a time getting rid of them.

What should you do about your dog when he arrives home on a cold, rainy day, all wet, muddy, and shivering? Well, a cold, wet dog should not be left outside, or even on an

open porch, or down cellar, without some attention. Bring him into the kitchen, or onto the back porch. Stand him on a newspaper and give him a good rub down with an old Turkish towel. Dry his feet well, go over his ears, and the hair on his stomach. By this time he will not be nearly so muddy, and might even be allowed in the living room if you aren't too fussy. He will be grateful for a chance to sleep before an open fire.

**N**OW for cats. Pussy's bed should be comfortable, and should be placed in some private spot, as under a table. Don't change it, once he's accepted it. He needs a warm place to sleep in, if he lives in the house, so keep him in at night. This will help take care of bird-hunting instincts, too, since birds are about most in the early morning.

Cats, like dogs, are meat-eaters. All grown cats (which means those from six months on) live principally on meat, milk, and fish, with vegetables, cereals, and sometimes lime water added for variety. The ideal diet for a cat should include some lean beef every day, cut in small pieces rather than ground. Most cats like canned salmon, especially a cheap variety known to grocers as "cat salmon." One meal a week of raw fish, and one of raw liver, are relished by practically any cat, no matter how finicky. Some cats will not eat table scraps, but bits of cooked lamb or chicken are usually an exception. Raw eggs in milk, or soft-boiled eggs, are good now and then, and some cats love cheese. Good prepared cat foods are acceptable if the cat will eat them.

Vegetables which seem to be good for cats include string beans, spinach, asparagus, and lettuce. Chop or shred the lettuce and mix it with meat or fish. Boil and mash other vegetables and combine with meat, or meat broth. Give no potatoes, pork, veal, or salt fish, and give all food slightly warm. Raw food should be set out to reach room temperature before giving it to the cat. He might not touch it, anyway, if it came straight out of the refrigerator, and it would not be good for him.

Cats are not inclined to overeat. The best way to decide how much to feed them is to experiment a little. Allow them to eat until they leave the dish. Then remove it so that they cannot go back. After a short time, they will get the idea and will eat a full meal each time they are fed. They will act hungry if they don't get enough, and their coats will begin to look shabby.

In addition cats need grass to nibble. Oats or bird seed sown in several pots will furnish a supply for the cat who lives in an apartment. Some cats will eat celery tops.

Provide plenty of water for your cat. Allow for personal likes and dislikes in food, and never let the vegetable and biscuit part of his diet exceed one-fifth of the total food he eats.

If your cat has kittens and you know that you will not be able to find good homes for them, destroy all but one or two immediately. Never leave a cat without at least one kitten to nurse.

Cats are remarkable for their cleanliness, but now and then they get seriously dirty and have to be washed. Some cats with long white hair seem actually to enjoy being bathed, but, in general, bathing a cat should be indulged in only for very special reasons. Use luke-

warm water, good suds, a thorough rinse, and hand-dry at once with a Turkish towel. Pet stores carry a dry-cleaning powder that is effective; and they also sell a brush with delicate metal bristles in a soft rubber base which is excellent for brushing the cat's coat. Daily brushing is enjoyed by all cats, and is a necessity both for long-haired ones and for short-haired cats when they are shedding. Regular brushing reduces the danger of hairballs forming in the cat's stomach, from swallowing hair when licking his fur.

If your cat is to be kept in the house, provide a pan for him, with pieces of newspaper which can be easily disposed of. Place the pan in a secluded spot near the cat's bed. Rinse the pan often, or he won't use it again, but will hunt another place.

If you live in the country, shut your cat in the house during mowing season. Many a cat has been killed or sadly hurt by the sharp knives whirring through the long grass.

Though cats are conservative and hate to move, they can be brought to accept a change. Contrary to general belief, they love persons better than places. Shut pussy up a few hours before departure, take him away in a stout basket, or box, and keep him in it, give him company and reassurance, on arriving let him inspect his new home, let him see some of your things around, feed him, don't let him out for a few days, and soon he will become reconciled to the new conditions.

**T**WO pets that can be kept out-of-doors are rabbits and guinea pigs. They are of related families, and their care is similar.

The hutch should be well above the ground, and about four feet long, a foot high, and three feet wide, with a small box at one end for a sleeping compartment. The hutch itself should be stout—dogs have a way of attacking rabbit and guinea pig hutches, especially at night—and rain proof. Inside, to provide drainage, have the floor tipped slightly, with a few holes bored at the lower end. Keep sawdust on the floors, with straw or hay on top in the sleeping compartment. Change daily; a hinged roof will make the chore simple.

In addition, a run enclosed by stout wire netting is good for exercise. Rabbits are diggers, so that if the floor of the run isn't elevated, carry the wire walls well below the ground. Guinea pigs are bustling, nervous creatures, and a few extra doors, ladders, and platforms, will give them and you no end of fun.

In winter set the hutch in a barn, or dry basement.

Guinea pigs are always eating, like canaries, and, unlike most pets, can't be overfed. Food should be about in their hutch all the time, but provide it for bunny only at meal hours. The menu is as follows: breakfast—rolled or natural oats, hay, or bran; luncheon—clover, grass, lettuce, parsley, peapods, dandelion—fresh, not wilted, and not moist; for supper—hay, or oats, or a few root vegetables such as carrots, beets, parsnips. In winter give a breakfast of warm bran mash, crumbly but not soft, or bread crusts softened in warm milk. If you have lots of grass, dry it for hay; don't try to feed it all to your pets. Don't give table scraps. Fasten the water pan so that it can't be upset, and keep it clean.

Both animals are naturally healthy, and illness is almost always due to neglect,



damp, dirty floors, a draughty hutch, sudden drops in temperature against which there has been no protection, wrong feeding. With the rabbit, too many greens or moist food will cause illness.

If there are little rabbits, put down a bowl of bran mash in the morning, and leave their care to the mother. Don't snoop on baby rabbits too much. To the mother guinea pig, before she has her babies and while she's nursing them, give milk, and, when the babies are three days old, for a month give them bran mash, bread and milk, and a few greens. They are very spry, capable babies. Mamma and Papa rabbit, or guinea pig, are company for each other, but two males in a household are one too many.

With a little care, rabbits and guinea pigs can be housebroken and make lovable pets, though it is only fair to warn you that rabbits can be destructive. Rabbits don't like much handling, but you can't fondle a guinea pig too much, to his way of thinking. Pick up a rabbit by the loose skin over his shoulders rather than by his ears, and support his hind feet. Guinea pigs have no loose skin. Pick up the whole little pig in one hand, or support both hind and front feet.

It is cruelty to have a pet and then abandon it. And it shows barrenness of spirit to keep a pet for a while and then give it up, unless you have excellent reasons. If you cannot give your pet a suitable home, find one for him. Failing that, take him to a vet and have him mercifully put to death. The practice of "dropping" unwanted animals, or, when moving, of leaving them to shift for themselves at the old home, cannot be condemned too strongly. The cruelty of such courses is apparent to anyone who gives the matter a moment's thought. Dogs and cats, especially, are beings with feelings much like our own. They form attachments and love their masters and their homes with beautiful and piteous devotion. Administering chloroform, or having an animal shot, is far kinder than leaving it by the roadside to starve, or to grieve itself to death over your betrayal.

*Editor's Note: A third article in this series, on the care and feeding of puppies and kittens, with suggestions for training, and simple remedies for minor illnesses which can be treated at home, will be printed in a forthcoming issue.*

## GUEST of HONOR

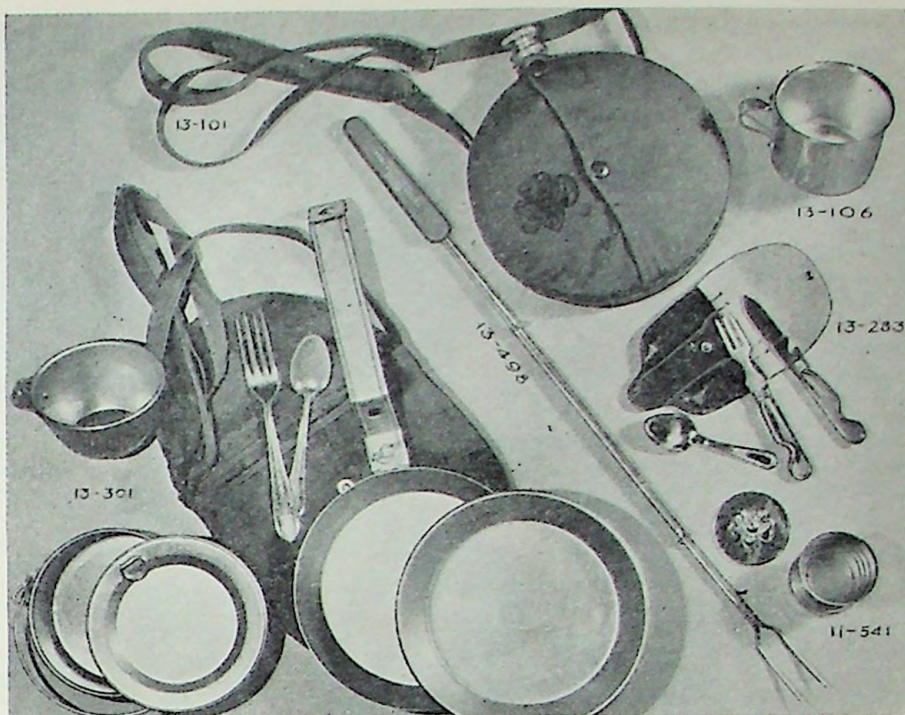
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Three o'clock to the dot," promised Midge. "I'll walk, it's only a step."

"No, if you insist on staying, William will come for you," Clarabelle told her. There was a hint of displeasure in her voice. "Right-o!"

Back bent, arms folded behind her, Midge threaded her way in and out of the crowd, feeling, now that Clarabelle no longer dragged on her, as if she possessed a dynamo. Strangely exciting she found it, hemmed in as she was by towering buildings like fairy castles. She could see the pines on Clarabelle's terrace. Exciting, too, the thought of returning for a hot bath, with Miss Tiefert to do her hair; then to slip into her red crêpe, pin on the gardenias, and be presented to guest after guest. Music, refreshments, dancing with cut-ins on all sides! Something to brag about to one's children—if only she didn't have to stay until Friday!

An hour and a half was really all the skating Midge wanted in (Continued on page 35)



## "REMEMBER THE MAN"—in your family

A Mess Kit, with utensils of seamless aluminum, and carrying case of heavy green drill, weighs but 1 pound complete. 11-301.....\$2.25

Canteens come in two sizes—both of seamless aluminum, and both have green cloth carrying cases, with adjustable shoulder straps. 13-101 5-cup capacity.

Wt. 12 ozs. ....\$2.25

13-102 3-cup capacity.

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Chow Kit with leather case to wear on belt includes spoon, and folding knife and fork. 13-283.....\$1.25

The Folding Cup, with cover, closes to 1" in depth. 11-541.....\$ .35

The Aluminum Cup holds 10 fluid ounces. 13-106.....\$ .10

The Camp Fork may be extended from 19½" to 30", and is designed with a heat-proof handle. 13-498.....\$ .15

The Ax, with handle and head stained green, has a keen edge which cuts fast and stays sharp. The sheath is of heavy tan leather, designed so it may be worn on the belt.

13-262 Ax, only.....\$1.40

13-263 Sheath, only ..... .45

13-264 Ax and sheath ..... 1.70

The Guide Rope is 15 ft. long, and equipped with metal ring and snap fastener. 13-952.....\$ .50



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

## HAPPY ACRES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Chatty turned to Duncan Smith when Mrs. Gunnage had gone in search of her shears. "She trims his hair just like she trimmed her husband's—who has been dead, lo, these forty years! And it looks just like he—Dakin, I mean—ought to step out and sing *A Bicycle Built for Two*. Don't you let her go snipping around on Dakin's hair."

"But I don't want to hurt her feelings," said kind little Dakin as he heard Mrs. Gunnage returning.

"Save him, Duncan," Chatty implored.

Duncan Smith did save him. He explained, for the benefit of Mrs. Gunnage and all the others, that there was a particular barber who claimed the privilege of cutting the hair of all the artists who appeared on the stage of this particular theater. It was said to bring luck to the participant whose head he trimmed. Besides, he'd feel hurt if Dakin didn't have his hair cut there.

Chatty gave an audible sigh of relief to see the woman relinquish her shears. If it was a matter of luck, Mrs. Gunnage agreed, then, of course, Dakin must have his hair cut by the Denver barber. "Only you show him, Dakie, the way I always part it on the side."

Duncan Smith planned to drive in to the city with

Dakin. He had some business in Denver, he explained. Martha thought of Miriam and her smooth loveliness, of her black hair glossy as the wings of a blackbird, and the white flower pinned on her black dress.

The day after they left, Hank came out and brought them a paper. He opened it dramatically, held it up. Dakin's picture smiled out at them. Reporters had met him, liked his nice, unspoiled smile, and had written a flattering report of him.

The stage program on which Dakin would appear, the paper announced, would also be broadcast. "Don't think the radio store in Antelope isn't doing a rushing business—selling radios and parts and servicing old radios. The whole country must be going to listen to him. And that isn't all—the Missus is going to have a party in his honor tomorrow night. Muriel is getting a new dress."

"Is this your mother's and Muriel's party," Chatty asked jealously, "or are we invited?"

"Sure you are. I brought your invitations. I drew the straight lines on them all—worked till midnight last night—but they put on the fanciness." He held the invitation up for them all to see how the words were lettered like notes on bars of music, "Happy Homecoming for our Dakie."

"You'd think she'd consult his own family about it, instead of taking so much on herself," muttered Mrs. Gunnage. "I don't suppose she asked me—and I wouldn't go anyway."

"And when I left," Hank went on, "she and Muriel were trying to make a salad to look like a violin; first they tried a pear with coconut strings, but it looked more like a banjo that'd been bashed over someone's head. Then they were experimenting with hard-boiled eggs—"

"Too bad," Chatty observed, "that hens don't lay fiddle-shaped eggs."

"It's nice of her to have a party in Dakin's honor," Martha said gently. "Tell her we'll be there."

A good half hour before the appointed time, that next evening, Dakin's family were huddled around the radio. Young Herr Friedel himself opened the program—"Hush, Tommy Tucker, and listen for Dakie"—and then introduced Dakin, explaining that the selection he was to play had been composed by his mother and her Cousin Dakin. Dakin himself told that it was the story of the black ram who had found the mountain heights cold and lonely, and had come down to the meadow to graze with the others. He added, "When I was a little boy, I used to think there really was a black ram."



DAKIN

They could picture his appealing flash of smile as he said it, could feel how the audience was for him before he ever drew his bow. And he played well, surely and feelingly. Even over the radio the applause was deafening. Later that evening, Mrs. Dittmar telephoned to tell them that she had telephoned to the theater in the city to congratulate Dakin and tell of the party in his honor the following night.

Duncan Smith and Dakin returned at milking time the next evening. Duncan took the bucket of milk from Martha as she met them, and put into her arms a gray suit box. "Dakin and I brought these for you and Chatty to wear to the party. We can't let our girls be outshone by anyone."

Martha said, "Oh, Duncan, how did you know I was just aching for a new dress—just dreading to wear a skirt and blouse to such a party-ish party? Chatty, Chatty, come here! I can't wait to open it."

"Neither can we," chuckled Duncan Smith. He hung the bucket of milk on the fence post so the hungry yellow cat wouldn't stick her head into it, helped Martha untie the knotted string.

Chatty's dress was of white silk with a blue sailor collar and blue lacing in the yoke. It was like Chatty, and it suited Chatty's tanned face and short bobbed hair. "I picked that out," Dakin said modestly. Duncan Smith was holding up a filmy summer dress of cream net, liberally sprinkled with embroidered daisies, with a ribbon belt of soft green. "Duncan picked that out," Dakin added. "He said he could hardly wait to see you in it, Martha."

Indeed, it was a happy homecoming for Dakin at Happy Acres. They all besieged him with questions; he told of meeting the orchestra leader, a famous singer, a teacher who remembered his mother; he told of praise from the theater manager. And when there came a lull, Duncan Smith announced, "Dakin isn't the only one who goes to the big city and brings back the bacon. I have good news for Chatty and Aunt Mary. I went to the man who runs the store near the Varsity; he liked the sample wool sock I showed him, and thinks he can take about

as many as you can knit. He'll feature them for skiing and skating and hiking. Only he'd prefer them knit with deep-yellow cuffs. That'll make the college colors—black and gold. So I shopped around for this gold-colored yarn."

Aunt Mary's color-loving eyes beamed as she took it between her fingers. "It'll be beautiful. I'll love working that yarn up. We could even put some stripes of it in the black."

They hurried through supper so as to get dressed for the party. A hubbub of preparation—"Here, Chatty, let me part your hair straighter." The smell of shoe blacking. "Now if you'll stay home and be real good, Tommy, we'll bring you a little cake from the party." Mrs. Gunnage bringing out the "old-man" glasses and cane that Duncan Smith used as Cousin Dakin.

"Don't have your hair any grayer than it was before," Martha warned as Mrs. Gunnage sifted cornstarch on it.

"I've had plenty to age me lately," Duncan Smith said.

The party was a great success, even though Mrs. Dittmar had had to forsake her idea of a violin salad. But the small cakes (one of which Duncan Smith pocketed for Tommy Tucker), ordered especially from the city, were decorated with a bar of music.

There was dancing on the wide porch. Mrs. Dittmar played the piano and the postmaster strummed loudly on a guitar. Fred Schef danced with Martha. "You look different to-night," he said bluntly. "I hardly knew you."

Martha giggled in delight. She had passed a mirror, and the reflection she'd seen of a girl in a long filmy dress, with brown hair soft about a flushed face, looked different to her, too.

"It's my new dress," she said. "Dunc—I mean Cousin Dakin and little Dakie brought it from Denver."

"It doesn't look like it'd wear very well," he said critically.

She was glad when Duncan Smith cut in. Fred's feet were as stolid as his mind. As they danced Martha said, "There's been such a hubbub ever since you and Dakie got home, that I haven't had a chance to ask you what Miriam thought of your writing articles about young folks and their careers and such?"

"I don't know what she thinks."

"Didn't you tell her?"

"No. We were pretty busy, Dakie and I, what with his going over music for Herr Friedel, and me rushing around displaying the knitted sock and then buying yellow yarn. I talked to Miriam on the 'phone, but she was all dated up. She said it was pretty short notice for her to get out of anything and come down and have lunch with us."

"It's too bad you missed seeing her. Why didn't you send Dakie home on the bus, then you could have stayed over and seen her?"

"And miss the party—and miss seeing you and Chatty the belles of the ball—and miss dancing with you?"

"It's such fun! And you and Dakie were like our fairy godmothers, managing the dresses."

"It's fun being a fairy godmother to you, Martha. But you make such a grand Cinderella, I don't know but what I'd rather be the prince."



The tempo of the music changed to a rollicking one-step. Duncan Smith, young high school teacher, had kept up with dance steps. He was just putting Martha through an intricate criss-cross to the side, when Martha suddenly stopped and murmured, "Duncan, look! No, don't look now or she'll see you looking—but there's Mrs. Dittmar watching us. And you prancing through those steps! The look on her face says, just as plain as day, that she knows Cousin Dakin could never be so spry."

Duncan Smith stole a glance at their hostess's face, groaned contritely. "I thought she was playing the piano. She looks like war to the hilt. Where'd I leave my cane?"

The cane had been left in Chatty's keeping. Duncan retrieved it, murmured, "Don't let her corner me just yet. I can't possibly explain such nimbleness to her."

Chatty said, "She's got Dakin in tow now. She's going to have him and Muriel play together while she accompanies them. A lot she cares that poor Dakie is dead tired from his trip to Denver and back, and playing and everything. He's just a trained seal to her."

A sudden wind sprang up. Everyone hastened to shut doors and windows. Martha's first thought was of her baby chickens, Chatty's of her lambs. Evidently other folks thought of their own young things at home, for there was a general rush for wraps, a gathering of families together.

Even as they said hurried good-bys, and hunted Duncan Smith's car and climbed in, the wind had reached almost hurricane velocity. Duncan had to crawl along at a snail's pace through town, and across the cement bridge which ran over the sand creek, for sand flailed against the windshield, shutting out all view.

At home, Martha fought against the wind to get to her brooder house; she lighted two lanterns and the chickens crowded and pushed to get to them.

The wind blew all night. At dawn a lashing rain changed into a cloudburst.

Martha slept uneasily, rose early to see if chickens, calf, or lambs needed care. The rain was a gray drizzle now. Chatty was up and getting into her clothes. "I'm worried about the ewes and lambs in that bottom land."

"I'll help you get them in," Martha said, helping Chatty into a slicker as she balanced first on one crutch, then the other.

They went out into the cold, wet dawn. Water ran in rivulets all about them. Yes, there were the black ewes, the chunky little lambs, in the river bottom, munching the soggy wet grass.

"Listen," Chatty said, "listen, Martha! What is that? It sounds like thunder."

But no, thunder couldn't come from such a gray, drizzly sky. It was continuous, that grinding roar—it kept growing in volume. Suddenly Chatty screamed, "It's water—it's a flood!"

"Yes—see, coming down the creek bed. Call your sheep, Chatty. Call them! Now, don't get excited."

Chatty's face went white, but she picked up a pan in which she often carried oats, thumped it with her hand. "Come on, Stella! Come on, Second Star! Come, sheep!"

The sheep started toward her, trotting on their short legs; the lambs ran on ahead.

Martha heard a splashing sound behind her and there came Tommy Tucker, sloshing through mud and water. Martha stopped, called to him sternly, "Wait right there, Tommy. Wait there." (Continued on page 45)

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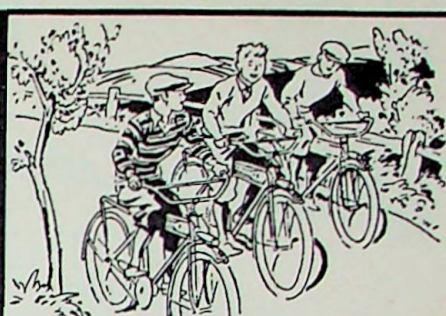


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## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### WHAT'S MR. DISNEY DOING?

Often, somebody asks, "What's Walt Disney doing now?" Well, there's one thing he's not doing—and that is, resting on his laurels. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* has broken all box-office records and, probably, hung up a new record for "audience enthusiasm," as well. So Mr. Disney has laurels and to spare, but he happens to be a much better worker than refter. Those close to him say that the smallest detail of some forthcoming production interests him more than the biggest words of praise that can be spoken about his past work.

Certainly his plans for the future are wide-ranging enough to keep even a man of his energy busy twelve hours a day. First, we're to have *Pinocchio* (pronounced pin-okey-o), that classic for children by C. Collodi, as a feature-length color film. If present plans carry through, we'll see it next fall.

Also, Mr. Disney intends to turn *Peter Pan*, by the late Sir James Barrie, into a feature. In addition, he is planning something quite new, a sequence of selections from classical music made into animated-cartoon dramas. This future full-length novelty is nameless as yet.

He will, of course, keep on giving us short subjects. There's no other way out. Once you start giving the public Donald Ducks and Mickey Mouses, Plutos and Clarabelle Cows, you're in the duck-and-mouse and dog-and-cow business approximately for life.

Nearest to Mr. Disney's heart of all his



future films is *Bambi*—and no wonder. This tender life-story of a deer, by Felix Salten, does seem a Disney "natural."

Last summer two twelve-weeks-old, dappled fawns were sent by train to the Disney studios in Hollywood. A Maine ranger had saved them from death in a forest fire. A special runway, its floor of springy turf, had been built for them. Beside this runway, Mr. Disney and his staff stand, or sit, or squat, daily. They are studying these fawns more closely, perhaps, than any animals ever were studied before. The look on gentle little faces, the way the animals walk, run, arch their necks, switch their inadequate tails—all

is coming under closest scrutiny. No motion, no expression, is too subtle, too fleeting to be caught by cameras, or by artists with pencils in hand.

Walt Disney will tell you he doesn't care how long it takes to make *Bambi*. "This is one picture," he says, "that we won't rush."

*Snow White* showed us how exquisitely he and his staff can draw deer. What a piece of work *Bambi* should be!

### MODERN TOYS FOR MODERN CHILDREN

Last year more than two hundred million dollars was spent, in this country, for toys. This puts the providing of joy for children in the ranks of fairly big business. Sales of war toys, however, according to Mr. James L. Fri, director of the Toy Manufacturers of the United States, accounted for less than one per cent of the intake, even in our militant age. This is significant, but, at that, South Africa is ahead of us. From Capetown comes the news that, in the effort to dis-



courage violence, a law has been passed banning the sale of toy guns, tanks, soldiers, or pistols.

Possibly, with us, the decline in popularity of playthings which imitate destruction may be partly accounted for by the skill which has gone into peace-time toys. So realistic are the tiny motor cars, the trailers, the trucks, the dredges, made by the best manufacturers, that they provide real lessons in construction. Manufacturers of well-known cars go so far in their coöperation as to supply blueprints to the toy makers.

For the girls there are prefabricated houses to put together. These, when completed, are dwellings in miniature in the latest architectural styles. Dolls have developed new gifts. The last word in a doll has a body softly padded over a steel foundation which is so completely jointed that the doll can take practically any human position, and hold it.

In one section of the country, even Santa Claus, in person, has "gone modern." Young Bill Wincapaw of Boston, from a plane flown by his father, has, for a number of years, dropped shock-proof Christmas packages on lighthouse rocks to cheer lighthouse keepers' families.

### MUNICH—AND MONROE

"Uncle Sam's armament program is adequate for defense." That was the gist of expert opinion in this country, before the Munich Four-Power conference. After the conference—a change. Though Americans hoped, with Neville Chamberlain, that the Munich pact would bring peace, there was doubt, dismay, a reshaping of policies. Many Americans reasoned this way: The Four-Power pact, and subsequent events, strengthened the dictator nations, Germany, Italy, Japan. They lessened Great Britain's prestige. They convinced us we must arm more fully, since they carried a potential threat to the Monroe Doctrine.

You'll recall that President James Monroe—sketched in this column—and his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, formulated this doctrine in 1823. It served notice that any further foreign colonization, or intervention, in the Americas—North, Central, or South—would be unwelcome.

Before the Munich agreement, the United States had been relying, partly, on the prestige of the British navy to support the Monroe Doctrine. Fear of England's sea power, it was felt, would curb any over-ambitious nation's urge to expand.

Even before the Munich pact, Germany and Japan had gained strong commercial footholds south of the United States. Totalitarian nations, anxious to win good will, can dispose of goods at extremely low prices. Through manipulated currencies, through price-cutting, they can "undersell" business men in democracies. There's always the possibility that dictator nations may follow up commercial victories by leasing air and



naval bases—and thus run, head on, into our hands-off policy.

Has Britain "lost face" so greatly that the United States must now stand alone behind the Monroe Doctrine? In this connection, a distinguished English journalist told the present writer, "Pacifist policies of disarmament—admirable in themselves but unwise in to-day's world—crippled the British lion worse than most Americans realize. Of late, the lion has kept rather quiet. But give him a few years—till our rearmament program touches its peak—and you'll hear him roar again."

Perhaps that journalist was right.



## GUEST of HONOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

that slush, but William was late. She practiced fancy steps for half an hour, but still no William appeared.

If only she had her shoes!

Another quarter of an hour went by. Surely William must arrive any minute! But he didn't.

Impelled to action, Midge stopped a girl about her own size who carried her shoes strapped to her back.

"Excuse me, but would you help me?" Hurriedly she explained. "I'm visiting in that apartment over there—maybe you can see the pine trees—and I've got to get back. The chauffeur has my shoes. If you'd lend me yours, I'd dash over and be back in ten minutes."

The girl eyed her coldly. "It don't do your kind of people no harm to wait once in a while," she said. And off she skated.

Abashed by the girl's hostility, Midge filled in the moments propelling her left foot in a circle, her right foot acting as a motor. Presently she told her trouble to a policeman.

"I haven't a cent with me, but if some one could telephone—"

He wrote down the name, Franklin Fahnestock, and the address. "Leave it to me. I'll see about it myself. 'Tis a shame abandonin' a nice young lady like yerself."

Hope fired her, and she took a flying race around the lake; and another and another.

Early twilight, settling on the skyscrapers, sank rapidly into the hollow of Central Park. Pale illumination shone through apartment windows. Holiday youngsters departed, leaving the lake to a bunch of rowdies—and to Midge. A gang of boys played snap-the-whip, crashing into anyone in their vicinity. Their laughter sounded savage.

Had there been an accident? That was the only explanation Midge could think of. Clarabelle might be lying in the emergency ward of some hospital at that moment—and it would be Midge's fault! She had made Clarabelle come here to the Park.

Maybe she was dead!

A chill shook the lonely skater, and tears blurred her vision so that she failed to dodge the tail of the whip. Down she sprawled on the ice.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" the boy who had knocked against her growled as he took himself off.

Midge brushed her tears away with a slushy glove and pressed a burning spot on her cheek bone. Her eyes sought the tall apartment house where Clarabelle lived. How could she pity herself when poor Clarabelle might—

At that moment tiny fireflies sparkled on the terrace. They had lighted the Christmas trees. Then Clarabelle must be home! Home, receiving her friends, indifferent to her guest of honor.

Home! Her own home in Flatbush, the dear little house with its cosy fireplace, the joy of a crackling wood fire! Her mother, saying, "Poor dear, you're half frozen. What you need is a hot cup of cocoa."

The thought of her mother, only a subway ride distant, made her more homesick than she had been two hundred miles away at school.

Park lights, framed in auroras, fought the gloom. She couldn't stay here all night. What should she do? (Continued on page 49)



NORTH

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# JULIETTE LOW GROWN-UP

soon became her faithful and devoted friends.

That jaunt abroad was a delightful experience for Daisy. She spent most of her time with the Carters. Mary Carter (who was traveling with her mother) had been one of her schoolmates at Mademoiselle Charbonnier's, and was her most intimate friend. They saw the historic sights of London together; enjoyed the famous Derby (which was thrilling as the race was a tie, two horses coming in neck-and-neck); drove in a coach-and-four through England's beautiful lake country, ending in a tour of Scotland. All-in-all, the entire trip was most successful and Daisy returned home feeling a much traveled young lady.

It was a year or two later, one Sunday morning, that she awoke with an ear ache. It was not very bad so she decided not to mention it, but to go to church as usual. On her way home, she stopped at the doctor's to have the ear treated. As soon as the doctor came in, she began, "Dr. H—, I have heard of a wonderful new treatment for ear ache which is being used in New York, and I want you to use it on me."

"But, Miss Daisy," said the doctor, as he looked into her ear, "I don't know of any new treatment."

"It's quite simple," Daisy informed him. "Just put nitrate of silver in my nose, and it helps my ear."

"But I have never heard of such a thing, Miss Daisy. I wouldn't know what strength the silver nitrate should be, nor anything about it."

"Well, I've heard it's a very good treatment," said Daisy, and rashly added, "If you don't put it in, I'll get some one else to do it for me." So, at her insistence, the doctor injected the silver nitrate. In a moment Daisy was plunged into the most excruciating agony. She managed somehow to walk home, but collapsed as soon as she arrived. Two doctors were summoned and a nurse as well. Everything possible was done to relieve her suffering and, at last, after hours of pain, she fell asleep with her ear on a hot hop-pillow. That was the beginning of a long, terrible illness which resulted in partial deafness in one ear. When her parents realized this, they took her to various specialists to see if anything could be done to repair the damage, but the too-powerful silver nitrate had destroyed the tissues, and the sad fact had to be faced that, in all probability, Daisy's hearing would always be impaired.

When she was at last well again, her wise parents sent her on a round of visits to amuse her and distract her mind. First she visited Abby Hunter, another of the warm friends she had made at the Mamselles', who was entertaining a house party of young people at her home in Providence, and they had a glorious time together. One day they went to the circus where, of course, what Daisy liked best were the clever trick animals. Another day they saw a baseball game, and the party ended by their driving to the beach for a clam bake. Such food as they had! Salmon, soft-shell crabs, fish, sweetbreads, and finally the clams baked on red hot stones! The salt air whetted their appetites, and Daisy writes, "The day was beautiful, and the people get nicer, the better one knows them."

The change of climate was doing Daisy good, for she says:

"This cool, bracing air has made me fat

and saucy. I have gained five pounds and have enjoyed the visit very much. I learn new things every day. I am in a family here who are different from anything I have seen before; in some respects their ideas and methods seem better than ours. It is rather narrow to condemn people because they differ from you. I am very glad I came here. It has helped me to account for lots of Yankee notions which I thought prejudice. I am going to stop moralizing because I do it in bad spelling and I know that aggravates you."

The following spring, 1886, Daisy's engagement to Willie Low was announced, and on her mother's wedding anniversary, December 21, 1886, Juliette Magill Gordon became the bride of William Mackay Low. The ceremony took place at stately old Christ Church in Savannah, and the Bishop of Georgia married them. The six bridesmaids' dresses were exactly alike, of white floss-embroidered chiffon, with long moiré sashes. Their chiffon hats perched high on their heads in the fashion of the day, and each wore the groom's gift to her, a diamond brooch in the shape of a daisy, with the date 1886 along the stem.

Daisy herself was radiant in her bridal finery, and the blond bridegroom was a perfect foil for her brunette loveliness. She wore the groom's gifts to her, a crescent and star of diamonds. Mr. Low was a connoisseur of precious stones and he chose every one separately, being sure they matched perfectly, and had them set in silver (this was before platinum was discovered) so as to show off their beauty better. The bride's bouquet was of lilies of the valley.

The wedding breakfast was gaily served at Daisy's home, always famous for its hospitality, a house which lends itself well to any kind of entertainment. Coal fires burned merrily in all the grates, flowers were everywhere in profusion, and the winter sun peeped now and then from behind the clouds.

After throwing her bouquet in traditional style, Daisy ran up to change her dress; then she and Willie dashed down the front steps to the carriage which was waiting to carry them to White Bluff. There a boat would be waiting to take them to Saint Catherine's Island, lent them by some friends for the honeymoon. As they ran, everyone threw rice to bring them good luck. They climbed into the carriage and drove happily off.

Soon after the island was reached, Daisy's ear began troubling her. When simple remedies failed to help and the pain grew worse and worse, the honeymoon had to be curtailed and a hurried return to Savannah made to consult a doctor. He found that a grain of rice, thrown at the wedding, had lodged deeply in Daisy's ear, and when finally it was extracted she was totally deaf on that side.

Hoping this deafness would prove only temporary, Daisy left home with her husband to take up her new life in England. But through the years to come, although many specialists in various parts of the world were consulted, her hearing never returned, and, in time, even the good ear became affected. She never allowed her deafness to interfere with her life, however. If it irked her, as many times it must have, she never complained. She ignored her handicap whenever possible—and, when it was not possible, either joked about it, or used it to further her ends by not hearing anything that interfered with her plans.



## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

It was hard for a bride to start her new life in a strange country with such a handicap, but in her letters Daisy never refers to it. Her arrival in England (where the climate is usually cold and damp) was typically amusing. Writing to her sister, Eleanor, she says:

"The family had warned me to put on flannels on my arrival, consequently I swathed myself in shirts and drawers, then flannel skirts and wadded petticoats and my heaviest winter dress, and I landed in weather that was warmer than the tropics. They have had no rain in England for thirty days and such weather that all the thermometers (who seldom see the sun in this land) burst! When I took off my clothes that night, I was covered with prickly heat."

The young couple found that the Naval Review in honor of Queen Victoria's Jubilee was to take place the Saturday after their arrival, so they immediately planned to join the rest of the Low family who were to see it from a friend's yacht. They had to leave London for Portsmouth by train at six in the morning, but, as the weather was good, no one minded. Daisy writes:

"The day was beautiful (Queen's weather), the harbor gay as a rainbow, every ship decorated from top to bottom with flags. On one side all the foreign boats, in two lines the English men-of-war.

"The yacht on which we were was beautiful and we had a good position for seeing everything. First the Queen's yacht, led by a yacht acting as pilot, came out from Conies on the Isle of Man, and they were followed by the Osborne yacht on which were the Prince and Princess of Wales, then two little dispatch boats and three big India steamers. The first contained the Lords, the second the House of Commons, and the third the swells of the Admiralty. The procession passed up and down the lines of men-of-war, and cannon were fired and shouts rent the air. Every naval boat had manned the arms, which means that the yardarms of the masts were lined with sailors. How the sailors stood along the topmost yards, with only a slender rope behind them, I do not see. They were wild with enthusiasm. After a good lunch, dinner, and tea, we saw the whole harbor illuminated and every ship outlined in lights; sky rockets were sent up and colored lights fired from the sides of the ships so that it looked like a fairy battle, and, although they were a quarter of a mile from us, yet we could distinguish even the rigging, there was such a blaze of lights.

"We started home well pleased with ourselves and all the world, but there was such a crowd of people we could not force our way into any of the cars, and we saw the eleven o'clock train move off without us. The guard promised another train as hundreds of people were in the same predicament on the platform. The extra train was crowded also. We managed to crush into a third-class carriage made to hold eight people. Fifteen people had rushed into it, so you can fancy how comfortable we were. We only got home at five o'clock Sunday morning,



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and are agreed twenty-four hours of work for five hours of fun was unequaled, but I would not have missed it. There has never been such a Review there before, and may not be again during my lifetime."

Soon Daisy was caught up into the gay whirl of fashionable English life. At first the Lows rented a small house in Warwickshire, for Willie was an ardent horseman. He had his own stable full of splendid horses and not only hunted to hounds, but rode steeplechases as well. The London gaieties they enjoyed by staying either at a hotel, or with friends.

The portrait of Daisy by Hughes shows how lovely she was at this time. In the portrait she is slender without being thin, with the tiny waist of the period. Her head, proudly set on her finely modeled neck and shoulders, is beautifully shaped, and her wavy brown hair is simply arranged in a loose knot. Her face is oval; the eyes, with a singularly wistful expression, are dark and made even more lovely by her well-shaped brows. Her mouth, not too small, has a gentle expression.

Before she could be actually a part of London society, Daisy had to be officially received at Court. So, very soon after her arrival, she was presented to Queen Victoria. The letter which follows gives her own description of her presentation at Court. She writes:

"I came up to Mrs. B—'s on Wednesday the eighth. I had made most of my preparations the previous week when I spent two days with Mrs. B—, and let me tell you the road to Court is not a path of roses! Captain B— ordered my carriage. He had to find a shop where he could get a brand-new one, as I did not want it to look like a hired conveyance, and yet I could not bring my own carriage down from Leamington for such a short time. I also required a coachman who could wear my coachman's livery, as my country coachman could not drive in London. I brought my own footman, and, thanks to Captain B—, a carriage and man were found who presented such a stunning appearance that everyone congratulated me, and, on leaving the palace, I mistook a royal carriage for mine and was about to trip lightly into it when Maggie S— seized me, and explained that the little gold crown on the harness and coach, which I had not noticed, meant Royalty's carriage.

"My dress was white; it would have rejoiced the heart of an Augusta girl, as Mamma says they love ostrich feathers. It was a satin petticoat, perfectly plain, with festoons of ostrich feathers and three bunches of plumes, of three feathers each, like the Prince of Wales' crest. Indeed I was a sort of advertisement of his crest, for I wore three feathers on one shoulder, and I, as well as everyone else, wore a tulle veil and three plumes on my head. That is a rule of the Court. It is also a rule to wear a train six yards long; mine was of white silk, with white satin feathers brocaded on it, and lined with pink to give a touch of color to the dress.

"I wore all my diamonds, the swallows in a flight across one side of my bodice, and the stars along a band of feather trimming that crossed from shoulder to waist. The diamonds glittered like the Milky Way through the feathers. Over the feathers on the front skirt of

my dress, was a film of tulle. When I tell you that the dress cost sixty pounds you will think me a fool, and that is just what I think myself, and I can only say I will never do it again. I carried a white bouquet, and gave Maggie one of pink carnations and orchids, as her dress was pink. She wore pearls and looked lovely. I drove first to the H—'s in Eaton Square. They were waiting for me in their coach which looked like a hearse, or a Noah's Ark draped in velvet, and the coachman's and footman's liveries were precisely the same worn in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Lots of the old coaches were very extraordinary—some, like the pictures of Cinderella's coaches in the fairy tales. And one white livery, turned back with blue velvet, silver, and blue cocked hats, and blue silk stockings, was most gorgeous. But I dare say you are tired of all this millinery. Aren't you?

"I felt just as Thackeray describes Becky Sharp when she went to Court, and although I don't agree with his sarcastic assertion that no woman can be virtuous without going through that august ceremony, and that it set a seal upon her honesty, still I did, like little Becky, 'look out for number one'; and in the rush and tear through the Palace to get to the throne room I felt more as if I were in Billingsgate than in Buckingham, and I used what few wits I possessed to keep my clothes on my back and myself on my legs. There are such hundreds of people that, if one stops to sit down and rest, one loses ground that is never regained; so, although we started out at three o'clock, it took us until six to walk through seven rooms. At each door we were stopped by ropes which were held by Gentlemen at Arms who also wore beautiful costumes. One of the gentlemen was old Mr. P— who married a cousin of the Lows. He arranged all the trains and stood just outside the throne room. It gave me confidence to see a familiar face in that crowd. Of course, everyone was very sorry to crowd and push, and everyone apologized continually, and it apparently couldn't be avoided, but my train weighed tons and my bouquet pounds! I disposed of the bouquet by perching it on the bustle of the lady in front of me and, quite unconscious of the service she rendered, she carried it the length of all the rooms! Lady H— knew the ways of the Court and saved time by going through the doors unknown to the uninitiated.

"Some of the conversations of those around us were very amusing. One, Lady S—, said she had once worn pale green gloves to match her gown, and the Lord Chamberlain made her take them off, as only white are allowed at Court; so, although her hands at once became as red as fire, she had to go without gloves. We were too late to see the Queen, who only remains one hour to receive, but Princess Christine and her husband, the Duchesses of Albany, of Teck, and two young princesses (Victoria of Teck being the nicest looking), also the oldest son of the Prince of Wales, Albert Victor, were all there. Everyone has a card, and those who are being presented have pink cards. The Lord Chamberlain reads out your name, and you go (Continued on page 42)





# WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

*This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City*



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

## Excellent

**ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES.** Excellent acting distinguishes this account of a hardened criminal (James Cagney), his influence on a group of boys from the slums, and the influence of a priest (Pat O'Brien) on them all. Mature, but excellent. (Warner)

**FERDINAND.** Thoroughly delightful from start to finish is this Disney adaptation of the book by Leaf and Lawson about the bull who didn't want to do anything but smell the flowers. Exceptionally good music. (RKO)

**GRAND ILLUSION.** Without showing a single battle, this film is a powerful indictment of war, as it depicts the terrible psychological effect of war and imprisonment on its chief characters. The acting is excellent. In French with English titles. Mature, but excellent. (World)

**IF I WERE KING.** Once again the almost legendary figure of the vagabond French poet, François Villon (Ronald Colman), is the center of a romantic tale of the court of Louis XI, king of France. When all others have failed to rout the Burgundians at the walls of Paris, the king turns to the rogue he has heard boasting in a tavern. Frances Dee is lovely as the Queen's maid in waiting. Basil Rathbone gives a notable performance as the king. An outstanding production. (Paramount)

**MEN WITH WINGS.** Beautiful technicolor enhances this splendid account of the growth of American aviation from the flight of the Wright brothers to the recent record flight of Howard Hughes. Through it all runs the story of three childhood playmates (Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Louise Campbell), all obsessed with flying. Good acting by Donald O'Connor, Billy Cook, and Virginia Weidler, the three principals as children. An outstanding production. (Paramount)

## Good

**ARKANSAS TRAVELER.** The advent of an itinerant printer (Bob Burns) proves to be a blessing for a widow (Fay Bainter) who is trying to keep her newspaper from being ruined by an unscrupulous politician. A film rich in human interest and comedy. (Paramount)

**BROTHER RAT.** The life of three roommates (Wayne Morris, Johnnie Davis, Eddie Albert) in a military academy is anything but humdrum, for as soon as they get out of one scrape, they are into another. Good comedy, appealing romantic interludes. Excellent supporting cast. (Warner)

**CAMPUS CONFESSIONS.** Son of a man (Thurston Hall) who is the main support of a college, is impossible, but, through his scheme for making his father approve of athletics, he wins the liking of his fellow students. Hank Luisetti, basketball ace, plays the star of the team. Entertaining. (Paramount)

**DARK RAPTURE.** Unusually well done and extremely interesting film taken in the Belgian Congo by the Denis-Roosevelt Expedition. (Univ.)

**FIVE OF A KIND.** The Dionne quintuplets are thoroughly entertaining as they sing, dance, serve coffee to the doctor (Jean Hersholt), and put their dolls to bed. One sequence where they are introduced to five puppies is delightful. The story which holds the film together is the usual account of the rivalry between two reporters (Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero). (Fox)

**GIRLS' SCHOOL.** Life in a girls' finishing school as it affects a poor girl on a scholarship (Anne Shirley) and the wealthiest and most popular girl (Nan Grey) in the class. (Columbia)

**LISTEN, DARLING.** Good lines and situations make entertaining a rather implausible story about a girl (Judy Garland) who didn't want her mother (Mary Astor) to marry for money, and a boy's (Freddie Bartholomew) clever scheme to help. (MGM)

**MAN TO REMEMBER.** The story of the unsung heroism of a small town doctor (Edward Ellis) told in flashbacks, as several men sit in his lawyer's office during the funeral and listen to the explanation of the documents in the doctor's safe deposit box. Excellent acting. (RKO)

**MEN OF IRELAND.** Simple tale of fisher folk on Blasket Island, off the coast of Ireland, their lives and customs. (Hoiffberg)

**MYSTERIOUS RIDER.** Rumors of danger to his daughter cause a man to return to the ranch which he left many years before, unjustly accused of murder. Good Western. (Paramount)

**NIGHT HAWK.** Reporter, covering two assignments at once, finds his life in danger, but a gangster he had befriended saves his life. Far-fetched but exciting. (Rep.)

**OVERLAND STAGE RAIDERS.** The Three Mesquiteers in a modern Western, outwit gold thieves. Good Western. (Rep.)

**STARLIGHT OVER TEXAS.** The Mexican border some years ago is the scene of a U.S. marshal's attempt to solve a series of holdups and cattle rustlings. Good Western. (Mono.)

**THAT CERTAIN AGE.** Several delightful songs and bits of comedy enliven a rather painful tale of a romantic girl's (Deanna Durbin) devotion to a reporter (Melvyn Douglas) just back from the war. Good acting by John Halliday as the girl's father and the reporter's boss. (Univ.)

**THERE GOES MY HEART.** Light and entertaining tale about a headstrong heiress (Virginia Bruce) so determined to run her own life that she runs away to New York and works in a department store. Good comedy. (Un. Art.)

**VACATION FROM LOVE.** Light and breezy account of the trials encountered by a man (Dennis O'Keefe) and his wife (Florence Rice) in their first year of marriage. Entertaining. (MGM)

**YOUTH TAKES A FLING.** Boy from Kansas (Joel McCrea) obsessed with the desire to be a sailor, meets a girl (Andrea Leeds) who tries her best to dissuade him. Good acting. (Univ.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

## Excellent

FERDINAND  
IF I WERE KING  
MEN WITH WINGS

## Good

ARKANSAS TRAVELER  
BROTHER RAT  
DARK RAPTURE  
FIVE OF A KIND  
LISTEN, DARLING  
MAN TO REMEMBER  
MEN OF IRELAND  
MYSTERIOUS RIDER  
OVERLAND STAGE RAIDERS  
STARLIGHT OVER TEXAS



Hillcrest Heights  
Friday

Dear Midge:

Your Dad is certainly grand, but mine is perfect! This morning at breakfast I felt so mournful that I couldn't eat a bite, and Dad asked what major calamity had descended upon me this time. I suppose not having money enough to buy four Christmas presents didn't sound very serious to him, for his eyes twinkled like mad when I told him how hard I'd struggled to save, and Midge, he didn't laugh at me! He thought for a minute and then asked me why I didn't buy books for Peter and my other cousins. (I forgot to tell you that it was their presents I was worried about) and that solved everything!

I trotted downtown right after breakfast and bought four of the loveliest looking children's books you've ever seen. And Midge, the grand part of it is that I still have a whole dollar and forty-nine cents left, and I didn't have to mortgage my allowance for even one month! The nicest part of it is that Peter is going to be thrilled to death with THE GOLDEN COCKEREL\*, and I never would have thought of getting it for him if it hadn't been for Dad. It's the most beautiful picture book that I ever saw in my life. Willy Pogany the famous artist drew the pictures for it, and Elaine Pogany wrote the story. It's just right for Peter for he'll be able to read the nice large type himself, but you must have a peek at the gorgeous pictures before I give it to him.

And Midge, I have a book for Sue (she's Peter's twin, you remember) that she is going to love. It's all about two little girls and a little boy and the fun they have with their pets and their trailer. It's called HICKORY LANE\*\*, and it was written by Jane Quigg who knows all there is to know about little children and what they like.

Then, because little Betty looks just like the little girl in the story, I bought THE MILKMAN'S BABY\*\*\* for her. It's about a milkman and his wife and his little girl and his spotted horse, Dominick Dapple, and the Scottie puppy, Glubabubble Muga-wubble. You know how unusual it is to find a book for six-year-olds which is really funny, but this one makes you chuckle.

And, speaking of humor, remember Mabel LaRue who wrote the Fun Book we used to laugh over when we were little? Well, she's just written a new book called THE TOOSEYS\*\*\*\* and Kurt Wiese did the drawings for it. Imagine seven children, their father and mother and a dog all mixed up in harum-scarum adventures, and you have an idea of the fun crammed between the covers of THE TOOSEYS. Ten-year-old Jerry is going to believe I know something about books for boys when he sees this on Christmas morning.

Here's to better books and balanced budgets!

Love,  
Julie

\*THE GOLDEN COCKEREL by Elaine and Willy Pogany, Price \$2.00

\*\*HICKORY LANE by Jane Quigg, Price \$1.00

\*\*\*THE MILKMAN'S BABY by Josephine De Witt, Price \$1.50

\*\*\*\*THE TOOSEYS by Mabel Guinnip LaRue, Price \$1.50

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS NEW YORK

If you'd like to know what Midge answered, see page 43.

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading





SWENDELL CAMPBELL

LAST month I promised you the names of more new books for Christmas gifts. There is a little book, *Once on Christmas* (Oxford University Press, 50c) by Dorothy Thompson, well-known radio commentator and columnist, with pictures by Lois Lenski, that would be a nice present for the whole family. It is good to read aloud, because you and other boys and girls will enjoy hearing what preparing for Christmas used to mean, and the grown-ups will be reminded of what happened in their childhood at Christmas. . . . A book of songs, with simple piano accompaniment, for children to sing in the home, is called *Songs from Many Lands* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) compiled by Thomas W. Surette, with colored pictures by Gertrude H. Howe. It was made for the Association for Childhood Education. In the front of the book there is a chapter about music. I believe that small children would have a good time if someone played these tunes on the piano for them. . . . At Christmas time there is always someone who needs a Mother Goose book. *The Gay Mother Goose* (Scribner, \$1.50), with drawings by Francoise, has colored pictures that tell the stories of the rhymes. The pictures are so funny that everyone who looks at them will be amused. . . . Another book of the same comfortable size for little folks is *Once on a Time* (Scribner, \$1.50), illustrated by Katherine Milhous. The fairy tales were selected from the works of well-known writers of folk tales, from such countries as Scandinavia, Russia, England, Germany, and Italy. . . . Do you remember the story of *Epaminondas and his Auntie* (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.00) by Sara Cone Bryant? This new little book has colored pictures, made by Inez Hogan, that show Epaminondas trying so hard to do the right thing which he, alas, always does at the wrong time! . . . Last year Munro Leaf and Robert Lawson created *Ferdinand*. This year their book is called *Wee Gillis* (Viking Press, \$1.50). Now Wee Gillis's mother belonged to the Lowlanders who lived in the valleys and raised long-haired cows, while his father's family were Highlanders who stayed up in the hills and stalked stags. Well, Wee Gillis has to decide which he will be! . . . *Little Pancho* (Viking Press, 50c), told and drawn by Leo Politi, is the amusing picture story of a little Mexican boy who longed to explore, though his dog, Coco, barked and tried to stop him. Children who enjoy *Little Black Sambo* will welcome Pancho. . . . *Quito Express* (Viking Press, \$1.00), story and pictures by Ludwig Bemelmans, takes you into a beautiful valley of the Andes Mountains, in the land of Ecuador, where a little Inca baby, Pedro, lives in a little earthen house. The funny pictures tell what happened



## By NORA BEUST

Chairman of the American Library Association Board  
for Work with Children and Young People

after Pedro climbed into a seat of the small red train that goes to Quito. . . . Two animal picture story books are *Three Rings: a Circus Book* (Scribner, \$2.00), by Paul Brown, and *Gloomy the Camel* (Viking Press, \$1.50), by Grace Paull. *Three Rings* is the story of what happened in a family of circus people when the Perkins family went with the circus in a trailer. *Gloomy* is a sad camel who lived in a zoo with many other interesting wild beasts. It was Janey's mother who thought of a way to make the camel smile!

### BOOKS FOR CHILDREN UP TO TEN

*Copper-Toed Boots* (Doubleday, \$2.00), by Marguerite de Angeli, begins with beautiful pictures of a small town in Michigan, about sixty years ago. Shad, the hero who earns the copper-toed boots, and Ash Tomlinson, and the little dog, Sammy, have good times and bad as they play and go to school together. . . . *Thimble Summer* (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.00), written and illustrated by Elizabeth Enright, introduces Garnet who believes in magic even though it is the hottest summer day of the year. . . . *A Lad of Old Williamsburg* (Stokes, \$2.00), by Helen F. Orton, takes the reader back to the days of 1752 when the young George Washington made a hazardous journey to the French fort in the Ohio country. The book is illustrated with photographic pictures of restored Williamsburg, Virginia, which looks much as it did during the days of Governor Dinwiddie and George Washington. . . . Eleanor Frances Lattimore has chosen another famous old city for the story of a little colored boy, *Junior* (Harcourt Brace, \$2.00). You will admire Junior for what he does to help his family. . . . Phillis Garrard's *Banana Tree House* (Coward-McCann, \$2.00), with pictures by Berta and Elmer Hader, is the lively story of Sukey, a little colored girl who lived in the Bermuda Islands. . . . *Barkis* by Clare Turlay Newberry (Harper, \$1.50), with appealing, lifelike colored pictures by the author, tells how Barkis, a cocker spaniel, easily won the affections of the family.

### "HOW-TO-DO" BOOKS

You will remember the articles in THE AMERICAN GIRL by Ruth Brindze, which gave good suggestions for buying wisely. The author has written a book called *Johnny Get*

*Your Money's Worth (and Jane, Too)* (Vanguard Press, \$2.00). This book will open the reader's eyes to the reasons why he needs to know more about what he buys. . . . H. V. Beamish in *Your Puppy and How to Train Him* (Lee Furman, \$2.00) tells what an experienced trainer of dogs has learned can be done, even though you live in an apartment, if you will try to understand your own puppy. . . . Beatrice Pierce, in *The Young Hostess* (Farrar & Rinehart, \$1.75) has included the articles originally published in THE AMERICAN GIRL, in her series on etiquette. The book is one you will want to turn to when you are entertaining your friends formally or informally. . . . *Young America's Cook Book*, a Cook Book for Boys and Girls Who Like Good Food (Scribner, \$1.75), compiled by The Home Institute of the New York Herald Tribune, has many attractive pictures in colors and black and white. The receipts are simple and written to appeal to the interests of both boys and girls. . . . Joseph Leeming, in *The Costume Book for Parties and Plays* (Stokes, \$2.50), gives excellent illustrations, with clear instructions for making costumes at home, that show what is worn in twenty-seven different nations, costumes of nine historical periods, and also frequently sought fancy dress costumes, such as those for clowns. . . . *Shadow Plays and How to Produce Them* (Doubleday Doran, \$2.00), by Winifred H. Mills and Louise M. Dunn, with illustrations by Corydon Bell, gives a description of the earliest shadow plays, and tells how to select and produce a shadow play, giving, as well, examples of simple and more difficult plays. . . . Marguerite F. Melcher's *Offstage* (Knopf, \$1.50) gives excellent suggestions, if you want to have fun with play making. She tells how to decide what story to dramatize, how to select the best scene for the play, how to write the dialogue, how to act and stage the play.

### A GROUP OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

More and more interesting lives of people who have made a contribution to the world are being written. *Stradivari, the Violin-Maker* (Knopf, \$1.50), from the Russian of Helen Tinyanova and rewritten in English by Charles Angoff, gives a revealing description of the personality of the Italian artist, and tells how he found and practiced the craft of making violins. . . . *Wizard of the Wires, a Boy's Life of Samuel F. B. Morse* (Appleton-Century, \$2.50), by Helen Nicolay, is a fascinating account of how Morse persisted in being a portrait painter, though painting was not considered of first importance in the eighteenth century, and how, after he was forty years old, he turned to science which led him to the invention of the telegraph. . . . Roy





## BOOKS for Gifts and for your own Library

### JANE EYRE

By Charlotte Brontë. Pictures by Helen Sewell

Many people already know and love this romantic story of a young governess. To them this new illustrated edition will be welcome. To new readers of this famous novel they will help to introduce one of the most exciting and moving stories of the last century. \$3.00

### HONEY OF THE NILE

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A young queen flies from her own court and sails down the Nile under very strange circumstances. A book with a thrilling plot that is never slowed up by its historical background. \$2.00

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### THE FLOP-EARED HOUND

By Ellis Credle

Photographs by Charles Townsend

The adventures of Boot-jack and his faithful but troublesome flop-eared hound have been illustrated with beautiful photographs that in themselves tell an appealing story of a small boy and his dog. \$2.00

### ONCE ON CHRISTMAS

By Dorothy Thompson. Pictures by Lois Lenski

The author, who is the famous columnist, writes of Christmas when she was seven years old. Her story makes a good Christmas present for any age from seven-year-olds to grown-ups. \$5.00

### BROWNIES—HUSH!

By Gladys Adshead

Pictures by Elizabeth Orton Jones

Your small "Brownie" sister will love this story with its enchanting pictures of a group of helpful brownies. \$1.00

### PUMPKIN MOONSHINE

By Tasha Tudor

This is a tiny picture book with delicate color illustration that will especially appeal to four to six year old sisters or friends. \$7.75

### LOLLY

By Audrey Chalmers

In a little Canadian town lived Lolly and his hen, Pandey. The story of their adventures with Uncle Jabez and Aunt See and Aunt Say are delightfully told in this book by the author of *Birthday of Obash*. \$1.50

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Chapman Andrews, in *Exploring with Andrews* (Putnam, \$2.50), tells interestingly how the explorer always wanted to be a naturalist, and of his scrubbing floors in the American Museum of Natural History just so he could be in the Museum, and of his later life filled with adventure in the search for scientific information. . . Hildegard Hawthorne, in *The Happy Autocrat*, a Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes (Longmans Green, \$2.00) re-creates Boston and Cambridge of the nineteenth century, particularly the life of the literary personages who were friends of the Holmes family. . . Jeanette Eaton, in *Leader by Destiny* (Harcourt Brace, \$3.00) has written a life of George Washington that shows him to have been a very human and determined person, as well as a great leader.

#### FOR ELEVEN AND UP

At Christmas, new editions of favorite stories are often published. Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (Oxford, \$3.00) is a beautiful edition of the romantic story of a girl who remained faithful to an ideal. . . Mary L. Jarden, in *The Young Brontës, Charlotte and Emily, Branwell and Anne* (Viking Press, \$2.50), with illustrations in two colors by Helen Sewell, tells in a vivid manner of the life and times of the author of *Jane Eyre*.

In *The White Camel* (Dutton, \$2.00), Eden Phillpotts describes the strange things that happen to Ali and the camel in Arabia, the land of magic. . . *The Lucky Vagabond* (Coward McCann, \$2.00), by Marie Colmont, is a French story about Mimi and the vagabond and his tame bear, and how Jeantou, who has the power of magic, rescues her. . . Eric P. Kelly, in *At the Sign of the Golden Compass* (Macmillan, \$2.00), tells what happened to Channel, in 1576, when he fled from London to Antwerp, and began to work in the famous printing establishment of Christopher Plantin. . . *Aztec Drums* (Longmans Green, \$1.50), by Alice A. Lide, is a thrilling story of Xochitl, who becomes a fugitive to save a wondrous feather robe his grandfather had spent half a lifetime making.

Stories of interesting periods in American life are: Lois Lenski's *Bound Girl of Cobble Hill* (Stokes, \$2.00), and Hildegard H. Swift's *House by the Sea* (Harcourt Brace, \$2.00). The first story tells what happened to a little girl in Connecticut, after she lost her father in the Revolutionary War; the second is the strange tale of a house that was built by pirates on Long Island Sound, during the days of Indians and early settlers.

There is an interesting group of modern stories. *The Far-Distant Oxus* (Macmillan, \$2.00), by Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock, was written by two teen-age authors about an exciting vacation that a group of children spent in a farmhouse in England. . . *Shuttered Windows* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), by Florence Crannell Means, introduces a very real Negro girl, who leaves a Minneapolis high school and a life of modern comforts to live with her grandmother on an island off the coast of South Carolina. . . May Justus, in *The House in No-End Hollow* (Doubleday Doran, \$2.00), takes the reader into a log cabin in Tennessee, where fifteen-year-old Becky made a home for her young brother and sister with the aid of Granny, and, later, a "brought-on" teacher. . . *T-Model Tommy* (Harcourt Brace, \$2.00), by Stephen W. Meader, is the story of red-haired Tom, who starts in business with only an old Ford truck as capital. . . Noel Streatfeild's *Tennis Shoes* (Random, \$2.00) tells about an English family who like tennis.

## VIKING JUNIOR

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**Buttons** by Tom Robinson and Peggy Bacon. \$2.00

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**Andy and the Lion** by Jas. Daugherty. \$1.50

**Gloomy the Camel** by Grace Paull. \$1.50

**Quito Express** by Ludwig Bemelmans. \$1.00



#### Ages 8 to 12—illustrated:

**Sarah's Idea** by Doris Gates and Marjorie Torrey. \$1.50

**The Three Policemen** by Wm. Pène du Bois. \$2.00

**The Black Pup** by Anne Brooks and Margaret Van Doren. \$1.50

**Yinka-Tu the Yak** by Alice Alison Lide and Kurt Wiese. \$2.00

**Little Toad** by Frances Margaret Fox and Sherman C. Hoefflich. \$1.00

**East of the Sun and West of the Moon** by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. \$3.50



#### Ages 10 to 14—illustrated:

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**French Canada: Pictures and Stories** by Hazel Boswell. \$2.00

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**Sing, Swing, Play. A Collection of Folk Songs.** By Martha S. Russell. \$2.00



#### For High School age:

**Penn** by Elizabeth Janet Gray and George Whitney. \$2.50

**Seventeen Chimneys** by T. A. Harper. \$2.00

**The White Stag** 1938 Newbery Medal winner by Kate Seredy. \$2.00

**The Young Brontës: Charlotte and Emily, Branwell and Anne** by Mary Louise Jarden and Helen Sewell. \$2.50

**Barefoot and the Friendly Road** by Jack Tinker. \$1.00



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## NEW BOOKS!

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by ESTHER GREENACRE HALL



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An absorbing story of life on a ranch today. Cynthia Fulton, with the aid of her college "pals", not only manages to "hang on" to her grandfather's property, but finds romance as well. Illustrated by Hans Kreis.

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### Canoe Country

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"Oh boy, what a book!" says "Ding" Darling of this true story of a camping trip in the north woods. "The song of the wilderness sings through every page." Illustrated with beautiful drawings by Francis Lee Jaques. The perfect Christmas gift for your favorite grown-up. At all bookstores.

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## JULIETTE LOW GROWN-UP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

before this line of Royalty, making a courtesy before each! Lady H— shook hands and talked to them, so it took off the stiffness for me as I came directly after her. I felt exactly as if I were bowing to those wax figures of Royalty at Madame Tussaud's, and I almost expected to see the ropes of red silk around them and a placard of 'please do not handle the figures.' One of my friends in her embarrassment made a sweeping courtesy to a gentleman-at-arms, for she was too frightened to look up and therefore bowed to the silk-stockinged legs, for those gentlemen wear silk stockings as well as the Princes. Some of the jewels were magnificent and the clothes were beautiful. Lady B— looked surpassingly beautiful, but her face was too set and artificial. Lady K— was re-presented as Duchess of Leinster. She is the most exquisite specimen of natural beauty and health that I ever beheld, like L— A—, only a better skin but not such fine eyes as L—. We were more than an hour waiting for the carriages. Finally Mrs. Low's carriage was announced as stopping the way, but when Lady H— and I had pushed our way to the porch, they had not waited but sent the carriage on. Lady H— was anxious to get home to send one of her boys off to school, so she got some friends to give her a lift. . .

"They tried to make me come back to Eaton Square and show myself to the S—

children and have tea, but Mrs. B— had asked Amy, Katie, the Maxwells, and several of my friends to go to Lenox gardens to her house for afternoon tea. So I did not wait for my carriage, but came back in the H—'s coach and hurried to Lenox gardens."

So, with her formal introduction to London society, we leave Daisy. Hers was to be a life crammed full of thrilling experiences, for, to her, existence was never boring. If things appeared dull or monotonous, it was never for long, and she soon would find herself plunged into the swirl of some new adventure. She seemed to have the power of attracting interesting and unusual experiences to herself as surely as a magnet draws to itself steel. Wherever she went (and she traveled the world over) she rubbed shoulders not only with royalty, but with people who, from their own accomplishments, had attained world-wide fame.

She loved people generally, famous or otherwise, and girls she loved best of all. And how they adored her! For who could tell ghost stories till your blood ran cold? Who could give the most marvelous and original parties young people ever enjoyed, and who could really truly tell your fortune by the palms of your hands? Why, Daisy Low, of course!

She was never too busy to enter into any game or sport suggested—and usually she did the suggesting! Above everything else she loved her Girl Scouts. For the work she did in starting that great organization in this country, the name of Juliette Low will live as long as there are Girl Scouts in America.

## WHERE CHRISTMAS LASTS A MONTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

and recovery, are dragged by the children to the tree. It blazes with lights and tinsel, of course, and from its branches flutter many little Swedish flags of blue and gold; sometimes, too, foreign flags, especially American ones, for often a Swedish family will be remembering absent relatives who have emigrated to the United States. Comical little goats made of straw also dangle from twigs. A strange pagan survival, these, in a Christian festival. The straw figures, coming down through centuries, represent the sacred goats of the Norse god, Thor. In spite of all the reindeer in Lapland, goats are the Swedish Christmas animal.

In the midst of admiration of the tree, there enters, not Santa Claus, but the Gnome of Good Luck. He lives in the ground far beneath the house, and older people are given to comparing him to the furnace—for sometimes he works better than others. But there is no doubt that he brings good luck on Christmas Eve. His arms are piled high with presents. He leaves them on the floor, and departs in such a jiffy that younger eyes have no time to recognize his resemblance to some one they know. Then comes a flurry of distribution, reading of verses, breaking of seals, and thanking the givers. Presents opened, they are set aside for a moment while all join hands, first circle the tree, and then parade through the house singing.

It is a very merry Christmas Eve, and everyone is sorry when it must end. Children are bundled off to bed by grown-ups who realize

that all will be rising early, in spite of the fact that the Lucia girls have come and gone, and Santa Claus's deputy, the Good Luck Gnome, has already brought the presents. For the family goes to church early Christmas morning. Again, pampered parents are brought coffee in bed; all dress in their best and set off, driving or walking. It is dark and will be for hours still, but the stars sparkle in the sky, and candles in every window glisten on the snow. There is one especially beautiful church in Stockholm, the Engelbrekt Church, set on a rocky eminence which rises above the city. I have seen it only in the summer, but I can imagine what an inspiring picture it must make on Christmas morn, with its glowing windows beckoning the worshippers up the winding, snow-bordered paths to its portals. Then sound the deep tones of the organ, with voices rising and swelling, and Christmas carols floating out over the quiet town.

Christmas dinner and other festivities are all they should be, and the day after is, quite properly, a holiday; nor is there any let-up the rest of the Christmas season, with one party following another—dances, suppers, and so on, and much going to the opera and the theater and to the movies, which the Swedes neglect in the summer because they prefer to be out-of-doors during the long, bright days. Everyone who can takes part in winter sports. On January thirteenth, Christmas is danced out at balls and smaller gatherings.

Christmas in Sweden, as elsewhere, comes but once a year, but such a Christmas! And by the time it's over, they only have eleven months to wait until the next Christmas.



## MIRACLE AT EASTPOINT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

an immediate hunch who the choice would be. Again, Monty's name came up, and the F. A. D.'s burst into sounds of mirth.

"I wouldn't leave him out for a million," Dorinda declared, "when I'm going to ask Wylie and Dick to be the other two. They'll look grand and dignified, anyway."

Wylie MacDill and Dick Harris had a high rating for scholarship in the Senior class and, like Monty, they rated tops in friendship with the F. A. D's.

"Don't worry about Monty!" Sue consoled Dorinda. "I'll design him a headpiece that will set him up in the world. Look at that clock! We'd better call it a day and adjourn."

Dorinda lingered to fix up a date for to-morrow with her "soprano angel," who promised to help her select music for the pageant. As she came out into the December dusk and cold, the last one to leave, she could see several F. A. D's clustered at the corner where their ways home separated. One of them was Hortense. Dorinda went ahead on a run. She wanted that copy of the *Dispatch*, and she meant to clip out the article and the baby's picture. Her first emotional reaction to the story had spent itself, but the pathetic case still beset her mind. This was a human drama falsely constructed and headed toward a wrong ending. Dorinda, the playwright, felt impelled to interfere.

WITH only three weeks to go, Dorinda and her aids set their preparations for the pageant in motion at once. She wisely limited the cast of principal characters, although a quarter of the Sunday School's membership would have to share in the performance as choristers, some of this world, some celestial.

Jacqueline Dean had been selected to head a band of cherubs. Dress-up and make-believe always enthralled Jackie; she became, to her own satisfaction, the person she pretended to be. For the present, she put away naughtiness, and her angelic behavior would have alarmed anyone who didn't know her well.

At rehearsal, Dorinda beckoned her aside. "In the manger scene, Jackie, the Holy Mother lifts the Baby up in her arms. We want it to look as real as possible, and I thought, since you have so many dolls, there might be one of the right size you could lend us before we practice again to-morrow."

"O. K." intoned Jackie deeply. "I'll let Clara have my beautifullest one."

The date for the entertainment fell on a Friday, two days before Christmas. For the sake of the youngest persons taking part, the program would have to begin at seven o'clock. Dorinda's contribution, which she had titled *A Nativity Miracle in Pantomime, with Music*, was scheduled as its final number and climax.

The F. A. D's canceled their meeting for that afternoon. Most of them, after an early lunch, had gone speeding in the direction of Main Street and the building they called "Dorinda's church." No more rehearsing, Dorinda and Kathie had decided yesterday, after a nerve-racking session that lasted two hours. But there was still a lot to do. Sue and Barbara, in a makeshift dressing-room, needed several extra pairs of hands to sort out the stage properties in their charge—wax torches, shepherds' crooks, treasure boxes, and a miscellany of angel wings and halos.

"You'd better run along home and rest,"

Kathie advised Clara. She could have used a nap herself. Stage direction, she had found out, was a heavier task than playing a heavy lead, when you had to herd a mob of young actors irrepressible with Christmas spirit.

"I'm all right," Clara assured her. "Thanks just the same, but I want to wait until Alice and Monty take off."

"Aren't the boys nearly finished?" Alice peered through a door into the auditorium and answered her own question. "Look, they've got it all set up!"

"It" was a remarkable structure designed by Monty, at this moment squinting at his work in appraisal, while Dick Harris and Wylie MacDill stood by him on the platform, like proud apprentices holding the master's nails and hammer. Upon a very tall and broad-based stepladder, they had mounted what appeared to be a large empty picture frame, gilded, and with a pointed arch. This evening a stretch of canvas cloth, used as a backdrop, would conceal the ladder, while the opening stage curtains would disclose a winged figure in the frame. Monty had used his ingenuity to build Alice a secure niche in the sky.

"It's simply marvelous!" Alice cried out, and everybody dropped the business in hand to watch her clamber up the ladder. "Is this the one I stand on?" She had to find the step which gave her just height enough to fit her head and shoulders into the frame.

"Hold it, half-pint angel!" Monty guyed her. "You're absolutely right—all but that bandanna, or what-have-you, looped around your neck."

Dick and Wylie each gave her a hand and she came down with a jump, laughing.

"It's after two," Wylie proved it by his wrist watch, and Dick asked, "Aren't you and Monty going to start pretty soon?"

"This minute—or almost. First, Dorinda wants a word with us all. Final instructions."

A committee from the Ladies Aid was bustling around a huge fir tree, set up in one corner of the auditorium. Streamers of tinsel frosted its branches which already had begun to bear vari-colored fruits of glass. The organist arrived to practice. Suddenly, the air vibrated to a majestic chorale.

In a Sunday School classroom, where the costumes and "props" had been stacked, the F. A. D's and Monty and Dick and Wylie gathered around Dorinda. They talked in hushed voices. Alice and Monty, bundled up like Laplanders in woolen and fur, were ready for a fifty mile drive to University City and back in Monty's ancient sedan.

"Do be careful," Dorinda warned him. "And, Alice, keep your mouth shut—if you get what I mean, and I think that you do!"

As she waved them off, she hoped, against a twinge of dread, that the trip wouldn't affect Alice's voice. What a fiasco, if the framed angel, singing, should go croupy! But the mission on which she had sent her two friends represented a still graver risk. In fact, she had staked the success of her pantomime on it.

Dorinda had no appetite for the early supper she tried to eat. Long before Monty and Alice were due, she was speeding across the parsonage lawn toward the dimly lighted and empty church. An hour ago, a flurry of snow had sprinkled the frozen ground. Then, a strengthening wind had swept the sky dry and clean, revealing the stars. Dorinda took time to look up. Such beauty gave you faith in miracles. One could happen, even here in Eastpoint, if enough (Continued on page 45)



Here's Midge's answer to Julie's letter on page 39

Bryant Lane,  
Saturday

Julie Dear—

Aren't parents funny people? Just when you're convinced that they're very hard-hearted, they do something extra specially nice. You weren't the only one who was in a dither about your budget. I was practically sunk! And then Mother gave me a Christmas Club check for twenty-five whole dollars! She said that my wailing last Christmas had taught her a lesson, so instead of increasing my allowance this year she put the extra money into the fund.

But even though I'm rich now, I've taken your Dad's tip, and you should see the books I've bought for my young relatives! Remember the fun we used to have reading about Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn? And the way we used to pester Tommy to let us read other Mark Twain books? Well, I've discovered a writer who has that same dry, keen wit, and his MR. WHITTLE INVENTS THE AIRYOPLANE\* is the funniest children's story I've ever read! It's a very smooth looking book too, with marvelous illustrations. That's for Dan, my eleven year old cousin.

But here's something else I'm feeling perky about. My Aunt Peggy has been searching everywhere for a book that would tempt Billy to learn to read, and the one I have for him is the answer to her prayers. It's a picture-storybook called MEG AND MOE\*\* and there's so much action in pictures and story that Billy will howl for more.

Speaking of authors we used to love, remember Emilie Poulsson? Gretchen, my nine year old cousin is mad about her books, and she's going to forget everything else when she sees LITTLE KARI\*\*\* on Christmas. It's about a little girl who lives in Norway, and you know how well Miss Poulsson can tell stories. She paints pictures with words.

And then, while I was browsing in the book shop, I found the perfect book for Tommy. He may be sixteen but he still likes blood and thunder and adventure, and he'll devour THE PYGMY'S ARROW\*\*\*\* in one gulp. Waldo Fleming certainly knows his pygmies, and his African jungle. Perhaps it's because he actually lived in the Ituri Forest among the pygmies. It's a swell boy's book (and they're scarce these days) but a lot of girls will like it, too. I did!

Just because I couldn't resist the temptation of its darling pictures, and because I might have forgotten to get a present for one of the younger generation, I added a copy of SILVER IN THE TEAPOT\*\*\*\*\* to my pile. The little old lady in this story had the right solution. She was in the same boat as we were, but she planted a lot of clover and pretty soon she had a cow, a pig, a sheep, a cat and plenty of silver in the teapot. Maybe that's what we'd better do too!

Love,  
Midge

\*MR. WHITTLE INVENTS THE AIRYOPLANE by J. Andrew White, Price \$2.00

\*\*MEG AND MOE by Elsie Bindrum, Price \$1.00

\*\*\*LITTLE KARI by Emilie Poulsson, Price \$1.50

\*\*\*\*THE PYGMY'S ARROW by Waldo Fleming, Price \$2.00

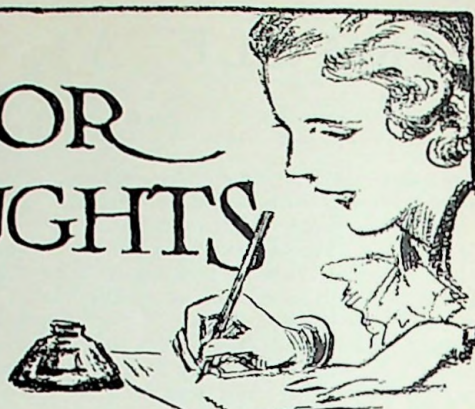
\*\*\*\*\*SILVER IN THE TEAPOT by Grace and Olive Barnett, Price \$1.50

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# A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



## THE ARTICLE ABOUT JULIETTE LOW

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE: Seven years ago this fall I joined the Girl Scouts, and it was seven years ago, too, that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* first entered our home.

I especially enjoy the Midge stories and the Phyl and Meg stories—and I think *Happy Acres* is just dandy.

My sister likes the Lucy Ellen stories best, and it would be hard to describe how much we all enjoyed the article about Juliette Low.

*THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a part of us; we would be lost without it.

Priscilla Chick

## LADY IN DISTRESS

PORT WASHINGTON, NEW YORK: First of all, I love every inch of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I could never get along without it. Second, I am five feet seven (and have big feet) which is quite tall for a girl of my age (fourteen).

Every place I go, everybody seems shorter than I am. In dancing school there are only a few boys taller than I am. It seems that all the girls in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are small, blond, and delicate, with little feet. Please can't someone write a story, or an article, about a tall girl—and help a lady in distress?

Elizabeth Lyman

## THE GREAT WIND

SOUTH RYEGATE, VERMONT: I am writing this letter only a few days after "the Great Wind," and this section looks very different from what it did a week ago. A few miles from my home there is a tourist camp called "The Thousand Pines." Well, there aren't anywhere near a thousand pines there now.

*Happy Acres* is a very good serial. I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *Laugh and Grow Scout*, and the Girl Scout articles, although I am not a Scout.

Polly Smith

## NO MILK BOTTLE TOPS

ISTANBUL, TURKEY: I am at the end of my first year of subscribing to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It is certainly a swell magazine! The first copy I saw I fell in love with, and went around talking about it all summer. Much to my delight, I received it for my birthday.

*The House by the Road* was about the best serial I have ever read, but *Happy Acres* is a close second. I can hardly wait for the next installment. I do hope the family remains together until their father comes back, as I hope he will. The Midge stories are my favorites, and I miss them every month when they are

not present. I wish there would be a Midge story every single month, but there have been quite a few magazines lately which have been minus them.

*THE AMERICAN GIRL* prints surprisingly good articles. I don't usually like articles, but I think Beatrice Pierce's etiquette articles very interesting as well as helpful.

Of the illustrators I like S. Wendell Campbell best, but I think Merle Reed is also excellent!

*A Penny for Your Thoughts* is my favorite department. I have always wanted to write to it, but have not succeeded in doing so until I read Doris Weaver's letter about wanting you to print more about girls from foreign countries, though, as I am no good at writing, I don't expect you to print this.

I have lived in Turkey for ten years, and will probably live here for two or three more. I love Turkey very much, at least I love where we live. We live in a large house which is surrounded by a lovely big garden. There is a fairly good-sized American community here, most of whom teach at Robert College, which is an American college for Turkish boys. There are five or six other girls here, around my age, so we have quite a bit of fun. We go to a school which consists of about twenty other children.

There are no milk bottle tops here, Doris Weaver, as they do not sell milk in bottles, but a man goes around every night with a big milk can and pours as much milk as you want into one of your saucepans, and then, in order that you may not get some disease, the milk has to be boiled, and does not taste half as good as the good old American Pasteurized milk.

I think that any girl who does not subscribe to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is missing a great deal!

Anna Marguerite Birge

## THE FORT MCKINLEY TROOP

FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA: I am a newcomer to this magazine and I enjoy it very much.

I am in bed with a cold and my mother has just brought me the October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Imagine my surprise and delight when I found myself looking straight at my former patrol leader and schoolmate! It was Dorothy Raymond in an Igorote costume, looking just as I saw the picture taken of her more than a year ago. My father was then stationed at Fort McKinley, P. I., and plans were being made for sending us (the Girl Scouts of Fort McKinley) to camp. I was terribly disappointed at having to leave the Philippines before May, when camp was to be

opened, but going through China and Japan before going home more than pacified me.

I enjoy *Happy Acres* very much and wish it would never end. Our Girl Scout meetings start Tuesday, and the doctor says I can be there if I mind him.

Elizabeth Ambrose

## BRINGING AMERICA CLOSER

RAFAELA, ARGENTINA: I am writing to tell you how very much I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, which is by far my favorite magazine. I enjoy all of the fine articles, but I prefer *Happy Acres*, and also *When Stamps Are Your Hobby*, for I am a stamp collector.

I am an American girl, fourteen years old. My parents are missionaries. I have two little sisters and one little brother. We all go to Spanish schools, for there are no English-speaking schools in town. We live in a town of thirty-five thousand people, but we are the only Americans.

I am in second year high school, and I study piano and French. We have a lot of fun, and I hope every other American girl does also.

America seems so much closer to me because of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Louise Hawkins

## THE HURRICANE

EAST LYME, CONNECTICUT: I have received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since last January, and in that short time I have enjoyed the stories and articles very much.

On September twenty-first, we had a very bad hurricane which destroyed many homes, summer resorts, and trees. On top of all that, a very large fire broke out in New London, which is seven miles from my home. At that distance we could see the flames in the sky. That night I read my *AMERICAN GIRL* magazine.

I like to read the back copies. I am a Girl Scout, a member of Troop Seventeen, Flanders.

June Hislop

## MORE ABOUT DILSEY

HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS: It seems to me that all the stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* are excellent, but I love to read the Midge and the Bushy-and-Lofty stories first. The stories about Lucy Ellen follow right along, and *Double Trouble* by Mary Avery Glen was swell. I hope, in the following stories of Phyl and Meg, we will hear some more about Dilsey. I also enjoy *Happy Acres* as well as I did *The House by the Road*.

Jean Zwiler



## HAPPY ACRES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Chatty was still chanting, "Baa-baa, black sheep—" as she backed away from the creek. The water, like a fat spreading snake, came swooping down, but Martha, standing farther back, saw that the flock would be well out of the way. Just then the crippled lamb fell in the slippery mud. She couldn't get up—that one stiff leg couldn't get a foothold in the mud and water. Chatty hurried toward the lamb to rescue it, her crutches splashing in the puddles of water. Her right crutch, already weakened, caught in a gopher hole and buckled under her weight.

Everything happened so swiftly. Martha opened her mouth to cry out—it would take only two steps for Chatty to reach the lamb, grab it up, and back out of the way of the oncoming torrent. And Chatty took those two steps, grabbed up the lamb, took two wobbly steps back.

Martha stood staring, her heart thumping; then she started forward to help Chatty.

The unbelievable had happened. Chatty had put her weight on her "dead" leg.

(To Be Concluded)

## MIRACLE at Eastpoint

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

faith and love could be summoned for its performance.

Usually, Monty's car came tooting into view. This time he gave no signal. Only by chance, since she had stepped outside for another look up the street, Dorinda saw him bring the sedan to a stop without so much as a squeak of the brakes. Alice emerged first. Monty bounded out, noiselessly. Had they come back without a passenger? Alarm snagged Dorinda's breath. But before she could reach the car, Monty had helped someone to alight from the rear door. The woman wore a long dark cape. Walking beside her, Alice carried a small piece of luggage. When Dorinda had joined them she pitched her voice almost at a whisper, greeting the stranger.

"I'm so glad to see you. Come with me, please. You are to have the little room which my father uses as a study. It's away off from the auditorium, so you won't be bothered by the noise."

The program had reached its last intermission. Back stage, Susan and Barbara fitted a halo of gold wire to Alice's head, then Monty shoed her up the stepladder. He and Dick and Wylie already wore their kingly robes, contrived by Sue out of brocade portières and tasseled cords. To keep out of the bustle, Clara sat in a corner of the girls' dressing room; Jackie hovered nearby, reverently fingering the Madonna's veil. Suddenly the notion took Jackie that a member of the cast was missing. She looked around for the doll.

"Where's your baby?" she asked.

"Put away until I need him." Clara gave her a peck of a kiss.

Jackie looked comically adorable in a cherub's white shift, which sheathed her like a scanty nightgown from her neck down to her small sandals. She and her nine classmates, similarly dressed, suggested fugitives from a dormitory. While Hortense attempted to keep that straying flock together, Dorinda

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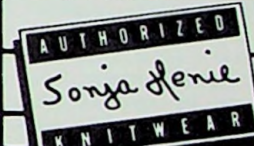
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and Kathie assembled an older and more numerous group at an entrance to the platform. They were in order, at last. Dorinda sent word to the organist.

"All set?" asked Kathie.

"Curtain!" Dorinda gave the signal.

A great chord resounded from the organ pipes, and the hangings which had hidden the stage broke apart. All eyes in the house lifted to the shining frame. For a long minute Alice remained immobile as a seraph in a painting. Then her lips shaped a tone to take up an old French melody the organ had begun:

"Bring your torches, Jeannette, Isabella,

"Bring your torches, come hurry, and run!

"It is Jesus, good folk of the village,

"Christ is born, and Mary's calling;

"Ab! Ab! Beautiful is the Mother!

"Ab! Ab! Beautiful is her Son!"

The story told in the carol brought a scene to life on the stage. Dressed like tiny peasants, with ankle-length skirts and white caps and kerchiefs, the impersonators of Jeannette and Isabella held aloft tall lighted candles. They crossed the platform, and behind them came trooping the "good folk of the village." Smocks for the boys, and shawls and starched flaring caps for the girls, disguised them as Old World characters. Descending a flight of steps, they filed into seats reserved for them down front, and when the curtains had been drawn together, the villagers became a lusty-voiced choir. While they supplied an interlude of Christmas hymns, another pattern of figures took shape on the stage.

The new scene showed a field in Judea and a band of shepherds dressed in tunics, their heads bound in turbans, tall crooks in their hands. The flocks over which they kept watch were nowhere to be seen, and though they gazed with hands shading their eyes—as if against some great brilliance—the Star in the East had to be imagined, too. But everyone believed in its light because of the reverent picture and the sound of a voice singing:

"Lay down your staffs,

"Oh, shepherds, leave your sheep!"

Slowly, the herdsmen wended off stage, travelers toward Bethlehem. The music changed to a march of ceremonial pomp, "Three great kings I met at early morn."

For once, nobody found Monty's appearance amusing. Sue had originated headpieces of oriental magnificence for him and Dick and Wylie, and his turban of purple silk, sewn with vivid glass jewels, gave Monty nearly a foot of extra height. Each monarch carried a treasure box, with the gold and the frankincense and the myrrh to be presented to an Infant King.

Royalty made a solemn exit. Behind the closed curtains, Monty quickly turned scene-shifter. When a manger of his workmanship had been set in place, Dorinda grouped a final tableau. Off stage, Kathie marshaled a procession into line.

This time, the opened hangings revealed a picture which drew a murmur of delight from the audience. A tall, grave-faced youth, representing Joseph, stood at the manger's head. Clara sat on a low stool hidden by her robe which was blue as a patch of sky. A veil-like mist covered her hair, and she held her face in profile, bent over the cradled Child.

Now, a train of worshippers began to approach the Holy Family. Jackie led the file of cherubs to an assigned position, beyond Joseph, where they stood anxiously huddled, trying to keep as still as Kathie had told them they must. The shepherds made a humble entrance and knelt at a distance from

the manger. Last of all, the star-guided monarchs offered their gifts.

"O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,

"O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!"

Alice sang the first stanza alone. Then the "good folks of the village" and the citizens of Eastpoint joined in, the cherubs piped up, and the shepherds rose to stand with the kings.

Clara held her original posture, as still as a Madonna in a cathedral window. Then she bent over the manger, slowly. Her robe fell back from her lifting arms. She brought into view, for the amazed audience, a tiny, blanket-swaddled baby who waved his fists, blinked at the lights, and smiled blurrily.

To Dorinda, concealed in the folds of a curtain, and watching the stage or looking out front as she pleased, it seemed that the whole house gasped. The chorus of peasants fal-

### A SCHOLARSHIP for Girl Scout Gardeners

To many women gardening is a delightful hobby; to a few, an alluring vocation. Next June, the Lou Henry Hoover Scholarship in Gardening, established for Girl Scouts by the National Farm and Garden Association at the School of Horticulture for Women at Ambler, Pennsylvania, will again be awarded for use in September. It provides \$500.00 annually for two years, or about half the cost of maintenance and tuition at the school.

Girl Scouts between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, with a particular aptitude for horticultural work, who have been in Girl Scouting three years and are still active in a troop, are eligible. Recommendations from the candidate's leader and local council must accompany the application. Entrance examinations are required unless a high school diploma, or its equivalent, is presented. Assurance must be given at the time the application is made that the candidate is able to meet the financial responsibilities which the award entails. These include the expense of transportation to and from the applicant's home and Ambler, Pennsylvania, and approximately \$500.00 annually (in addition to the Girl Scout Scholarship) to cover the cost of tuition, maintenance, and school extras.

Applications should be filed immediately with Mrs. Vance C. McCormick, c/o Girl Scouts, Inc., 14 West 49th Street, New York City.

tered, though they caught up with the hymn sooner than did Jackie and her choir.

"Oh!" Jackie cried softly. The cherubs broke ranks, peering, struck dumb. But Jackie made a quick solution. "It's a miracle! Sing!" she rallied her companions, and with awed faces they exulted in a shrill treble:

"O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,

"O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord!"

At the hymn's triumphant last phrase, Dorinda came out on the stage. Wearing a sweater and skirt, she was aware of the odd appearance she made there, among the decorative players. The thing she was about to do might be the hardest thing she would ever undertake. Only a moment ago she had shyly appealed to Kathie.

"Please go out there and read it to them.

I've got it all typed out. You can put more meaning into it than I can. Here's the page—"

"No, my darling Dumpling," Kathie had given her a hug and a shove. "This is your big act. Hist! Sue—Barbara—Hortense! Let's find a place on the sidelines and watch her get it across."

Wonder rippled over the audience. Dorinda waited for a hush. Her tense straight body expressed courage, her eyes showed a starry fire, and her voice carried to the far wall of the auditorium.

"Wouldn't you like to know about the baby—right away?"

"Yes! Sure we would!" Small peasants, down front, shouted promptly.

"Speech! Speech!" A man's voice, hearty and kind, encouraged her.

Instantly, Dorinda knew whose voice it was. You could always count on Barbara's father for a boost! Though she held the sheet of paper in her hand, she didn't once glance at it.

"We borrowed him from the University City orphanage to be our Infant in the manger. There's a nurse here, in the church, waiting to take him back there to-night. His parents are living, but they've had hard luck, and they can't afford to keep him."

From a sympathetic matron at the orphanage, Dorinda had gleaned other poignant facts to add to the newspaper story, and she made her plea in words that were simple and strong and had her heart's heat in them. "Couldn't we give the baby back to his parents for a Christmas gift? Some of us thought, if you saw him, you'd all want to help. That would mean there was love enough among us—here in Eastpoint—to make a Nativity Miracle real."

"Well said!" Mr. Robbins gave approval, rising, and attention turned his way.

For the second time that evening Dorinda thought, "Bless Barbara's father." She hoped he would carry on in her place, and he did.

"I pledge myself to find a job for the unfortunate young man we've been hearing about. Also, I propose we start a fund, here and now, that will bring that little fellow up there, and his mother and father, together again on Christmas Day—for keeps! Now, you three friends who played the kings—"

"Yes, sir!" Monty and Dick and Wylie stepped forward, three abreast.

"Suppose you bring those coffers down here and see how much treasure you can gather."

Each boy took an aisle. Paper bills fell so fast into the boxes that they soon muffled the silver coins clinking together like merry little cymbals. The excitement mounted.

Leaning through her frame, the angel made signs to one of the shepherds who sped with a message to the organ loft. The Madonna stood up, holding the baby, and the entire house rose to sing:

"Joy to the world! The Lord is come!

"Let earth receive her King!"

Jackie began to tremble, from too much joy. She gestured to the other cherubs.

"Let's go up close to Clara, where we can get a better look." There, she glimpsed a tiny bare foot dangling from the blanket. Her lips could scarcely reach it, though she stood at a strain on her own toes. The kiss she bestowed must have tickled, for the baby gave a pleased coo, bobbing up and down.

"Now you see, don't you?" she addressed her trailing retinue. "It was a miracle, just like I said. The Baby Jesus came alive, right here in Eastpoint!"





# Laugh and Grow Scout

## Where Indeed?

A Negro, when asked why he would prefer to travel in a train or automobile rather than in an airplane, replied, "When you has a wreck in a automobile or a train, there you is, but if you has a wreck in a airplane, where is you?"—Sent by PAT McVICAR, Miami, Florida.

## The Reason

"H-h-h-how f-f-far is it to B-b-b-barhaven?" a stammerer asked another traveler in the smoker. The man stood up without a word and went back to his chair car. A third passenger courteously answered the question, then sought out the unfriendly one.

"Why didn't you answer his question?"

"D-d-d-do you want me to g-g-g-get my f-f-f-fool head knocked off?" was the reply.

—Sent by MARGIE CLARK, Kirksville, Missouri.

## Literary

MANDY: What foh ah done go to school efen ah doan use mah learnin', Sambo? Ah spends mah time cookin', but ah cooks poetry. When Ah cooks de breadfas', Ah reads Bacon. When Ah cooks de turkey, Ah reads Brown-in'.

SAMBO: Well, de nex' time you cooks ma roast—stop readin' Burns.—Sent by JEAN STOCKTON, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.



## Probably

TEACHER: What is the most famous piece of wood in the world?

JOHN: Charlie McCarthy, I guess.—Sent by HELEN ZELKOVITZ, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

## The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

### Nothing Like That



"Shall I brush you off, sir?" asked the Pullman porter.

"Brush me off?" frowned the passenger. "Well, no, I reckon I'll just get off the regular way."—Sent by WINONA MILLER, Portland, Oregon.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

gan to make an observation. Just then a star fell. Mike gasped. "Begorra, that was a fine shot, sir," he said with great admiration. "Why, ye hardly had time to take aim at it."—Sent by BETTY FOUST, Juniata, Altoona, Pennsylvania.



## Judging by Appearances

SHE: Whenever I'm in the dumps, I get a new hat.

HE: Oh, so that's where you get them!—Sent by FRANCES BRUCKNER, Brooklyn, New York.

## He Knew

YOUNG FATHER: In your sermon this morning you spoke about a baby being a new wave on the ocean of life.

MINISTER: That's right.

YOUNG FATHER: Don't you think a fresh squall would have been nearer the truth?—Sent by MARTHA LEE REAMS, Toledo, Ohio.

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THE first five-dollar postage stamp issued in this country in sixteen years, a portrait of Calvin Coolidge printed in black and red, made its appearance at the Washington Post Office on

Thursday, November seventeenth. This is the highest denomination value in the President series of United States postage stamps. The remaining four values of the thirty-two in the series will be issued during December.

We are able to illustrate for you the design of the new stamps of two British Colonies. The King George VI stamps of Ascension—that lovely little island in the South Atlantic—are similar in design to the pictorial stamps issued during the reign of George V. The portrait has been changed, though, to show the new sovereign, and the stamps, with their bi-coloring, are very lovely. The values are half-penny purple and black, one-penny green and black, one-and-a-half-penny red and black, two-penny red-orange and black, three-penny ultramarine and black, six-penny blue and black, one-shilling brown and black, five-shilling yellow-brown and black, and ten-shilling violet and black. The ten-shilling stamp is a new denomination for this colony.

The stamps of the British Virgin Islands have been produced by the rotogravure process and show a portrait of the new King, facing to the right, in an oval medallion at the upper left. The badge of the colony is at the right. The values are half-penny green, one-penny red, one-and-a-half-penny brown, two-penny gray, two-and-a-half-penny blue, three-penny orange, six-penny purple, one-shilling olive-green, two-shilling-six-pence black, and five-shilling claret.

The Philatelic Exhibition, held in Brazil at the end of October, issued a special stamp with the portrait of Sir Rowland Hill, the man who, more than any other, was responsible for the adoption of adhesive postage labels. The design, approved by all of the executive directors of the Brazilian Government, is the work of the Brazilian artist, Antonio Bueno, Junior. In the upper left corner is a reproduction of the first British one-penny stamp of 1840. At the lower right, prominently placed, is a reproduction of the first Brazilian adhesive, issued in 1843, and to the lower left is the value, four hundred reis. The stamps are printed in small sheets of ten by the *tailedouce* process. Five hundred thousand stamps have been issued.

France has issued a one-and-seventy-five-hundredths-franc lavender stamp to commemorate the discovery of radium by Pierre and Marie Curie. The design pictures the two great physicists in their laboratory at Paris.

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# SOPHY'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

children's voices, and the sharp smell of the chicory that the Adolfsons used as a substitute for coffee. There was a note beside the wooden shoe. "We're getting breakfast for a Christmas surprise," Selma had written; and Cousin Jule had added, "I carved the shoe for you. Now, Sophy, you can be a Swede like the rest of us. If it fits, I'll carve you another for New Year's." Inside the bundle was a handkerchief that Selma had hemmed and embroidered, with her big crooked stitches, in Sophy's initials.

Sharp tears pricked Sophy's eyes, but she winked them back. This was no time for crying. Weeks ago she had decided which, among her meager possessions, she would give her cousins. Julius had admired the carved Swiss box her Plymouth school teacher had given her—she had brought it West to hold her lace collar and cuff set, and her red coral beads. And Selma had often longingly fingered those same beads. Sophy hated to give them up—they set her apart from these Western pioneer cousins, they made of her a young lady from Plymouth. But it would be selfish to keep them, she thought, when her cousin had nothing pretty at all.

She ran downstairs with a Merry Christmas on her lips and her gifts in her hands. "Here's a present for you, Selma! And one for you, Jule! And, oh dear, I wish I had something for you, Aunt Jane."

Aunt Jane smiled from under the big eiderdown quilt. "A good rest is the best present I can have, Sophy," she said.

What with church in the morning, and preparing for the Christmas dinner which was to be at five o'clock, the day sped by. They were setting the table in the big front room when little Selma said, "Oh, Sophy, we forgot about the basket that Mother wanted us to take to the Indian village."

"I'll take it now," said Julius.

But there was no wood for the fire, and the wood box in the front room was empty. "You won't have time, Jule," Sophy told him. "We have to have lots of wood to warm this room. Besides, I haven't got the basket ready. It won't matter much if the Indians get their food a day or two late." She was so busy that she never gave the Indians another thought.

She decorated the table with little sprigs of balsam. Every five minutes she tasted and stirred the soup which was to be the first course, and she helped Selma trim the mantel

with long, pearly strings of popped corn.

The Swensons came promptly at five. Sophy lighted the candles on the tree and table while Selma took a tray in to her mother. They stood behind their chairs, with heads bowed, while the Reverend Swenson said a long grace in Swedish. Then he said it over again in English so that Sophy could understand.

It was quite dark when Sophy took away the soup bowls. She was in the kitchen, removing the beans from the oven, when little Emmy Tompkins from the edge of the village burst in at the back door, her cheeks streaked with frozen tears.

"Pa sent me to warn you there's been Indians at our house. They blew out the candles and ran off with our dinner while Pa was huntin' for his tinder box. They went in this direction. Pa's warnin' the folks across the way." Emmy hurried out again.

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

Sophy asked herself, alone in the kitchen. From the other room came the deep rumble of the Reverend Swenson's voice, telling Selma and Jule a Swedish fairy tale. "There's no use interrupting him and frightening everybody," she thought. "Besides, I don't believe Indians would come in here, right in the center of town, and steal our dinner. We'll eat fast. We'll eat it all up before they get a chance." She hurried in with the earthenware bean pot, laden with beautifully glistening brown beans and a great striped slab of salt pork arching above them. But her hands were trembling so that she dropped the serving spoon. She hastened back to the kitchen, but she had to thaw the water in the drinking bucket before she could wash the spoon. She came back to the dining room again with the spoon and the big coffee pot. As she was setting the pot down, she knocked a cup from the table and broke it. Selma had to climb up on the kitchen stool and get another from the top of the cupboard. That, too, was dusty and had to be washed. It seemed to Sophy that, the more she tried to hurry, the slower she became.

She was dishing up the first plate of beans for Mrs. Swenson when a cold nip of wind at her ankles warned her the kitchen door was open. Probably little Emmy had not shut it tight.

"Jule, run and shut the back door," she said.

Julius stood up to obey her, but fell back in his seat. The door that led from the

kitchen to the front room was blocked by the biggest Indian Sophy had ever seen. With two strides he reached the table and snuffed out the first candle. With one stride more he reached the spot where Sophy sat. With thick lips pursed to blow, he bent to the other candle. One hand reached toward the dish that was their dinner.

Little Selma screamed. Everyone else was too surprised to speak. Sophy's legs were trembling, but she sprang to her feet. "How dare you come in here on Christmas day and steal our dinner?" she cried.

Seizing the coffee pot that stood at her elbow, she poured the scalding liquid over those brown, strong fingers closing on the dish of beans. The pursed lips parted in a groan, the brown hand relaxed its hold. The young Adolfsons and the Swensons sat in dumb amazement, watching Sophy and the tall Indian by the light of the fluttering candle.

Sophy pointed to the kitchen door. "Leave the room at once, do you hear!"

The Indian put his scalded fingers into his mouth and turned obediently toward the kitchen.

"Selma, you dish up the dinner," Sophy told her young cousin, and followed the intruder. She couldn't have him out there frightening Aunt Jane!

But the Indian seemed to have no intention of frightening anyone now. He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, alternately shaking his fingers and sucking them. He really did look like a child.

"That's no way to do," said Sophy. "You should put grease on them. Grease is the thing for a burn." Before she knew it, she was smearing grease over the Indian's big brown hand.

A moment later she heard the Reverend Swenson's voice beside them. He had a piece of bread covered with butter and a plate of baked beans in his hands.

"You saved our dinner, Sophy," he said. "We can afford to be generous. Bind up his burned hand, and he can eat the beans with the other."

That night after the Swensons had left, while Jule and Selma were washing the dishes, Sophy sat down to write her father about her day.

"I'm not the brave kind," she wrote. "I was terribly frightened when that Indian reached for our dinner, but it made me so mad, I forgot I was scared."

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## GUEST of HONOR

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Why had she accepted Clarabelle's invitation in the first place? They never could be congenial.

A policeman, not the one who had promised to telephone, made his way through the skaters.

"Off the ice, everyone! Off the ice! Close in' the lake!"

Not a car left in the parking space. Midge clumped up the board planks in line. She realized now that she must walk to Clarabelle's on her skates. She wished she had undertaken the journey hours ago.

Rowdies, swinging past her as she hobbled along, called, waggishly, "Skates growed on you, lady?" "This ain't no rink!" "Pipe Sonja Henie!"

But she scarcely heard them or their mirth.

Once on Fifth Avenue, she had but a block and a half to go. She kept her eyes on the ground, but she could feel passing motorists turn to stare at the sight of a girl painfully teetering along the Avenue on the blades of her skates.

At last the shelter of the green canopy! Stooping, she endeavored to break the laces of her skating shoes, preferring to enter in stocking feet, but she was unsuccessful. The doorman, magnificent as any Gilbert-and-Sullivan admiral in his blue-and-white uniform, eyed her suspiciously.

"If you could cut these laces—" she implored.

He looked from the muddy skates to his white gloves.

"Sorry, Miss, I haven't any knife."

Straightening, she determined to enter as she was. But as she pushed through the door, she was stopped by the hallman.

"Pardon. Are you expected?"

Was she expected, Midge wondered, or had Clarabelle tried to lose her, like the babes in the wood?

"I'm visiting Miss Fahnestock and I left my shoes in her car," she explained for the third time. Imitating her sister's grand manner, she added, "Please see that I'm taken up immediately."

Not until they had telephoned up to the apartment and verified her identity, however, was she permitted to enter the elevator. Impossible to avoid her reflection in the mirror! Was that dirt-streaked face centered by a blue nose, with a red mark on the cheek



bone, actually her face, Midge Bennett's? The clang of the elevator door announced her arrival. Then a confusion of music, laughter, shouts. A mob gathered about her and jeered. She wobbled in on her skates, a Gulliver among Lilliputians.

"Come on, we're learning the Big Apple! You'd be swell," shouted a small boy in spectacles.

"Midge Bennett! What do you mean?" It was her sister, Adele.

"If I could only have a knife," implored Midge.

"To cut the Big Apple?" joked the smart little boy.

Clarabelle came in from the terrace, followed by Ed Robinson, a friend of Adele's, and for a moment she stared speechless at her guest. When she spoke, her lips were tense.

"Well, *really*, Midge!"

"Do you think I'm enjoying myself, standing here like a circus freak?" stormed Midge. "Isn't there a boy with a knife to cut these laces?"

"Why didn't you come hours ago?" demanded Adele. "We've been watching you through binoculars, cavorting around the lake. It's the rudest thing!"

"Because I was waiting for the car!" Midge nodded to a small boy who flourished a large blade. "That's right, cut the laces. My ankles are nearly cracked."

"Clarabelle said you preferred walking," championed Adele, taking up her hostess's cause.

"But not on ice skates," groaned Midge. "My shoes were in the car."

A murmur of understanding rustled

through the crowd, and Clarabelle flung her arms about her disheveled friend.

"Oh, Midge, I'm terribly sorry. I forgot! I thought you wanted to walk. Remember you said something about it?—and I sent the car for Adele. Will you ever forgive me?"

Relieved at last of the skates, Midge stood in her stocking feet. She breathed a sigh of relief.

"Of course I forgive you, Clare. Anyone can make a mistake. Now if I can have a hot bath and get to bed—"

"Bed! I guess not," protested the hostess. "Tinfoil'll have you dressed in forty winks. Go on with your dancing, everyone, we'll be right back."

Adele accompanied Midge and Clarabelle down the hall.

"I was so hurt, Midge, thinking you were deliberately passing up the party, that I got Adele to sort of take your place," explained Clarabelle. "She's been perfectly wonderful." Nodding toward the gardenias, already wilting on Adele's shoulder, she floundered, "I knew you wouldn't mind if I gave her your corsage."

"That's all right," Midge assured her. "I've all the blossoms I need on the side of my cheek."

While Clarabelle conferred with Tinfoil, Adele whispered, "Isn't it gorgeous here? She's invited me to stay, too. Wants me to finish out my vacation."

Renewed energy suddenly poured through Midge's veins. She tossed the Scotch cap on a chair, shook off the windbreaker, unhooked her skirt, eager to get into the Big Apple.

"We can't both stay—with Nora sick," she said firmly.

"Maybe not," sighed Adele. "Though, of course, I slaved all morning." She turned to Clarabelle who had joined them. "I'm afraid I'll have to go home after all. Midge says one of us should help Mother."

"Oh, but you can't!" lamented Clarabelle. "We've already invited the two Robinson boys for dinner and—"

"That's all right," interrupted Midge. "Adele can stay and I'll go home."

Home! What a beautiful word!

"But I asked you first," insisted Clarabelle politely.

"I thought you had a date to go skiing at Bear Mountain with some of the kids," reminded Adele.

"That's right," agreed Midge. "And really I ought to be back for the Christmas entertainment to-morrow night."

"Yes, that's what she told me, Adele," concurred Clarabelle.

Adele's face brightened. "Suppose, Midge, I give you my beautiful angora mittens for *nothing*! They're all the style and terribly expensive to buy—would that make you feel any better about going home?"

Midge hadn't supposed she *could* feel any better, but the gift added piquancy to her happiness.

"I'll say it would," she grinned.

"Come, Midge, your bath is ready," called Miss Tiefert.

Adele took her in a scented embrace. "Best kid sister in the world," she cooed. "Sure you're not mad?"

"Positive. I swear it on my honor!" Honor—that word had a familiar ring. She gave a merry, carefree laugh. Guest of honor—shucks!

## AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—CHARLES WEBSTER HAWTHORNE—1872-1930

CHARLES WEBSTER HAWTHORNE was born in 1872 in Lodi, Illinois, where his parents, originally from Maine, were living temporarily. When he was a small child, the family returned to Richmond, Maine, and it was here that the artist passed his boyhood. When he was still very young, he developed an ardent interest in painting. There was little opportunity in a small town in Maine for an eager beginner to become acquainted with great works of art, and small means of acquiring technical training. Accordingly, when he was about eighteen, his father, who sympathized wholeheartedly with the boy's ambition, sent him to New York to study. Here the independent young man secured a job at which he worked by day, while he studied at night. He attended the evening classes of Frank Vincent du Mond and George de Forest Brush. Later he became a pupil at the Art Students' League and at the National Academy of Design where so many prominent American artists have had their training.

About this time Hawthorne, feeling the urge to know personally the works of the masters in old world galleries and to supplement his American training with broader study, went to Europe for a time. Except to contribute to his wide culture and increasing technical skill, his sojourn had little influence on his robust, typically American art. After several years of hard study, he entered the studio of William Merritt Chase, who had a pronounced influence on the young painter. He became Chase's valued assistant and remained as instructor at the Chase School in New York until he was ready to open his own art school.

While on a vacation one summer, he visited Cape Cod and found in the sea and the dunes, and the natural beauty of the Cape—among its sea captains, fisherfolk, and Portuguese settlers—an environment congenial to his taste, and subjects sympathetic to his brush. Here he opened a school at Provincetown. For the rest of his life, he divided his time between New York City, where he made his winter home, and Provincetown, Massachusetts, where he spent his summers. He married Ethel Marion Campbell of

Illinois, herself an artist, and they had one son, Joseph Campbell.

Charles Hawthorne received many honors. Beginning with the Ogrig Prize of the Salmagundi Club in 1902, the First Hallgarten Prize and Second Hallgarten Prize in 1904 and 1906 respectively, he continued until his death to win prizes and medals at important art exhibits all over the country. In 1908 he was elected Associate Member of the National Academy of Design, and in 1911 he became an Academician. He was a member of many clubs and societies, including the Salmagundi, Lotus, Players, Société Nationale de Beaux Arts of Paris.

His canvases are in the permanent collections of most of the important art museums of the country. Among the best known are "The Trousseau" which belongs to the Metropolitan Museum and which was reproduced in the December 1933 AMERICAN GIRL; "Fisherman's Daughter" at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington; and "Refining Oil" at the Detroit Institute of Arts.

At the time of his death, at the age of fifty-eight, at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore where he had been undergoing treatment, Hawthorne was a tall, angular man with a high forehead from which the hair had gradually receded, a wide, straight, thin-lipped mouth, and intent, direct eyes under rather heavy dark brows.

Charles Hawthorne's favorite subjects were the sea, small harbors, and fishermen and their wives. He was a master hand at depicting character. Weather-beaten fishermen, simple young girls, debonair Portuguese sailors—each seems about to speak from the canvas with his own characteristic accent and idiosyncrasy. He painted these simple folk at work and at ease, without sentimentality, as he saw them. He was a realist and his canvases speak clearly and simply, at first glance, with no need for mystic interpretation. As a pupil of Chase, he became greatly interested in still life, and his pictures, especially those of Cape Cod, often include some superbly executed still life subject. His fish with their wet, cold, shiny dead weight are especially good. His work is individual, brilliant in color, true to life and pictorially arresting, yet soft and delicate in small details.

M. C.



# Ring Out the Old! Ring In the New!



JOAN patted her shapely nose with her powder puff. Her mirror reflected a picture charming enough for a magazine cover—red-gold hair turned up in a soft roll, fair skin, and sparkling blue eyes made bluer by the cerulean hue of her taffeta evening dress.

"Honestly, Jin," she said to her chum, Jean, who sat on the side of the bed putting on her dance slippers, "I do believe this dress looks just as well as Kitty Carman's new one, even if I did make it myself from a pattern illustrated in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*."

Jean looked her over critically. "It's every bit as good-looking as Kit's," she pronounced, "and it fits better than hers does. Those Hollywood Patterns are the berries; and you're a wiz at sewing, I'll say that for you, Jo."

• "Thanks, old dear," murmured Joan. "I love to sew, you know." She went on, "Isn't it fun to be having a New Year's Eve party? Mother was so cute about letting me have this dance. I've come to the conclusion that she really loves a party."

"She's been a peach about it certainly!" Jean surveyed her gold slippered foot. "It will seem funny to date our letters '1939' after this evening, won't it? Have you lined up your New Year's resolutions yet?"

• "Uh-huh!" Joan twined a curly strand of hair around her finger, and gingerly pushed it off on her forehead. "One of my resolutions is to follow the safety recommendations in that corking article of Florence Nelson's on winter sports, in the January *AMERICAN GIRL*—the one that tells how to avoid accidents in skiing, coasting, and skating."

"Miss Nelson certainly knows her stuff," Jean agreed. "She used to be Editor of *Safety Education*."

"I was awfully glad to have that article in the magazine," went on Joan, "because so many people seem to be going in for winter sports without knowing how to take care of themselves. They say most accidents are preventable—and it's certainly a shame to get winter sports in Dutch by breaking your bones unnecessarily."

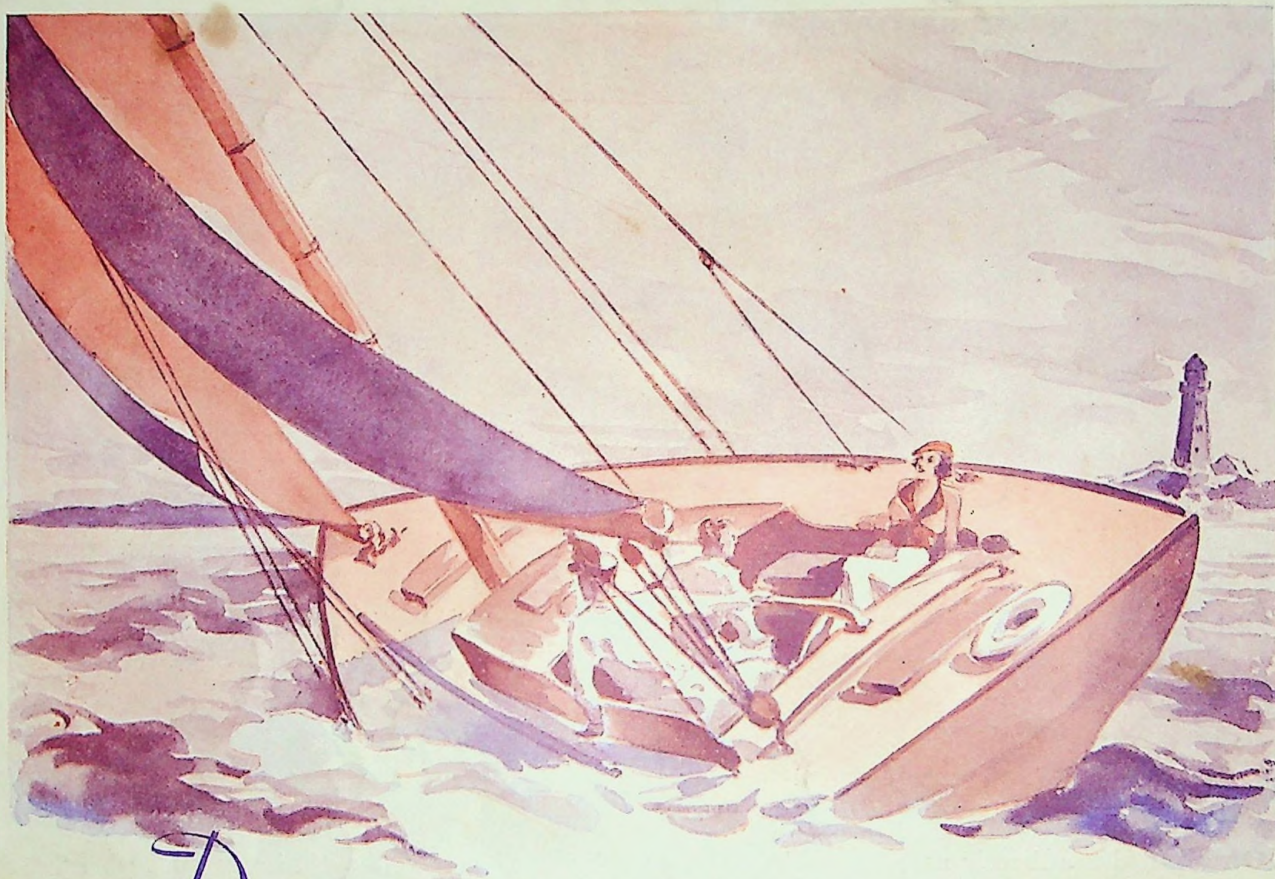
Jean nodded her head vigorously. "Yes," she said, and added, "I

thought it was fun having that skiing story about Midge and Adele in the same issue. Have you read Edith Ballinger Price's Bushy-and-Lofty story, *Ill Wind*, yet?"

"Yes, I have, and I thought it was one of the funniest of the lot. I was crazy about the article on Deanna Durbin, by Helen Grigsby Doss, too. When you're reading it, it makes you feel that you know Deanna yourself, and—" Joan broke off, as a muffled ringing from below floated upstairs. "There goes the door bell! Some of the kids arriving, probably. Goodness! I must pick up this room, for the girls will have to leave their wraps in here. Do run down, like an angel, will you, Jinny, and stall them off for a few minutes while I bring order out of chaos?"

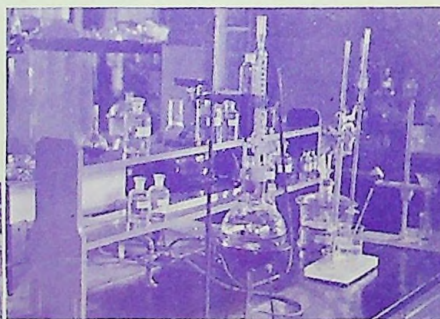
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